Inside...women on 8...Martlet Magazine on 10-11...comix on 14...travel on 16-17...opinion on 18-19...calendar on 20.

Bicycles for sale: child's 5 speed, $50; rebuilt German 10 speed $85; adult 10 speed for $40. Call 386-1683 after 6. f

Wanted: quiet responsible female to share a 2 BR apt. with same. Rent $112.50. Call 592-0022. f

Kenwood KL 1400 amp, Pioneer (direct drive) turntable and L.S.S. 35 speakers for firm $500 Canadian dollars. Call John, 386-7926 early morning or 6 p.m. f

Kundalini Yoga Classes—Summer 78. Beginning Apr. 11, Mon & Wed 6 to 7:15 p.m. at 4010 Saanich Road, Call 479-5032. $1.50 per class. f

Annual meeting Canadiana Costume Society, and election of officers on Thurs. Apr. 13, St. Mathias Hall, Richmond at Richardson. f

Infinity speakers for sale, $170, Thorens turntable $100, going travelling 1st of May, call 386-9334. Volvo 68 station wagon, excellent shape, $1,100. f

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Needed desperately! Small storage space for a typewriter, sewing machine and a box of stuff (May to Sept). Call Janna at 592-3669 if you can help. f

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Caulk boots, 9 one half, good shape, $75. Call 388-9870 evenings. f

For sale: 1964 Morris Minor (Mini) safety checked, white, red interior, $300. Call 384-5436. f

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There are numerous unclaimed articles in the Lost & Found, Traffic and Security Office, Saunders Building. If you have lost anything, please drop in. It may be here. f

Wanted: May 1, older 1 BR Apt. Call Romie, 388-7318. f

1971 Toyota Corona for sale. Std. transmission, very good condition, just had a tune up and four new tires. Asking $1000. Call 478-6557. f

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Shared accommodation: one room for rent, in big house with two fireplaces. Available May 1, $60 monthly, near Fort & Pandora junction. Call 595-8930. f

Large fully furnished semi detached suite to share during May-Aug. (possibly longer). Utilities are included, rent is $130 monthly. Call Norman at 595-7509. f

For sale: 1972 Norton 750-812. Needs approx $100 worth of work, asking $1,200. Call Mike at 385-0163 between 6 and 8 p.m. f

Am travelling to Grand Prairie, Alta, via Cache Creek, Williams Lake, Prince George, Dawson Creek. Have room for one female traveller with not too much luggage, to share gas and expenses. I am leaving April 21 in the afternoon. Call Linda at 382-1410. f

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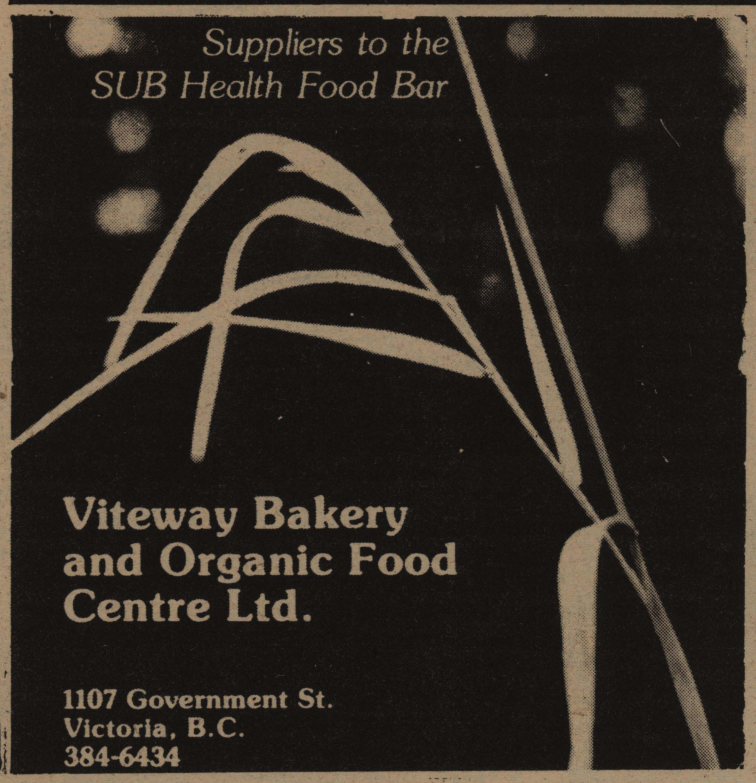

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News on the screen

Students may be getting more than just films and a cartoon at Cinecenta next year. AMS Communications Director Doug McClarty is planning to flash notices of upcoming campus events on the Cinecenta screen before or between movies.

McClarty says the messages, presented on slides, would reach about 1000 students, four times a week, at a cost of not more than $15 a week. "Hopefully it wouldn't interfere with Cinecenta shows, or with students watching films," McClarty said, "We would operate with a slide projector and four or five slides on upcoming events.

"It would be an effective means of advertising. We could announce things like upcoming lectures, AMS speakers, dances, upcoming movies; basically let students know what's happening on campus for the next week."

McClarty plans to work out the details of production with Cinecenta Manager Michael Hoppe. "It looks good, as far as I'm concerned," McClarty said, "It has a lot of potential and it's cheap. We hope to try the system out before the end of April and get feedback on it this summer before school starts in the fall."

Exam choice offered

Instructors now have several choices open to them in assessing students' work during the year. At its April 5 meeting, Senate approved a recommendation from the Faculty of Arts and Science, expanding the techniques available to departments, divisions, schools or faculties in assessing a student's achievement.

Instructors can formally schedule exams during the regular exam period or they can schedule their own exams (as long as they are not conducted during the last two weeks of lectures or in the last three class days in the case of Summer Session).

Instructors may authorize open-book, take-home exams or oral exams, all of which must be administered or received during the official examination period.

A more practical approach to student evaluation is a critical evaluation of a student's musical, scientific or artistic performance. This could be done in conjunction with authorized laboratory or other practical examinations, to be conducted where possible, during the official examination period.

Instructors may wish to evaluate achievment on the basis of work submitted throughout the term, but in this case, they should avoid giving tests during the last two weeks of lectures.

An instructor may award a student a grade some time before the official exam period. The student could accept the grade, or if he or she did not wish to do so, they could write a final exam instead.

Instructors may choose to use a combination of any of these methods in evaluating students' work.

Each department, division, school or faculty chooses the assessment techniques it wishes to use from amongst those approved by Senate. At the beginning of the course, the instructor should discuss these methods with the students, choosing the method most appropriate for that course. In evaluating student achievement, the instructor must inform both the students and the department, division, school or faculty of the methods to be used.

Ombudsman assessed

By DONNA LIVINGSTONE, Martlet City Editor

"The Ombudsperson has been acting like a traffic cop—telling people where to go to solve their problems," says AMS President, Dave Connell.

Patty Beatty-Guenter has handled about thirty cases since she took office as ombudsperson on March 1st. Most of the cases have been requests for information. "There is no real common type of problem beyond dissatisfaction with a grade, which is the most difficult to resolve," she said.

Other cases include requests for information on appeal procedures, grievances over transfer credits, quality of education, and dropping courses.

Beatty-Guenter says that most of the requests are merely ones of information. Students don't know where to go to get things done at the university.

Ben Webb, AMS Academic Affairs Director sees the position of ombudsperson as one of a sounding board. "The ombudsperson is one person students can approach and be sure of objectivity," he said.

Beatty-Guenter had no specific complaints about her dealings with faculty and administration. "I have to learn how to deal with each department," she said, "Some chairmen don't even want to talk to me until the student has seen the professor or the chairman. Other departments, I can call anytime. I've got a lot to lean about how to contact people."

The ombudsman position is one of liaison or troubleshooter between the student and the faculty and administration. "She has the power of persuasion and of the press, but little other power," said Ben Webb.

Although she has about eight cases still open, Beatty-Guenter says she has been successful in most of the cases she has handled. "In some cases the best decision has been made in good standing by the professor or administrator, and there is just nothing I can do," she said.

The ombudsperson position will finish its trial period at the end of May. Dave Connell says no decision has been made yet as to extending the position over the summer, or for next year. "It appears to be going quite well," he said, "We're still uncertain about extending it, but we will make a decision at the end of May. We have been receiving monthly progress reports on her work and she has been handling a fair number of cases."

Beatty-Guenter says the ombudsman position would be useful during the summer. "Summer session has its own problems," she said. "Orientation could serve as preventative medicine in a way, by advising students of the proper grievance techniques and where to get the necessary information."

Most students are aware of the ombudsperson through her column in the **Martlet**. Eric, a third year political science student says he thinks the idea of an ombudsperson is good. "I only know what I read in her column," he said, "But if I had some problems, I would go talk to her about them. It takes time for students to know she's there."

The University of Toronto and Dalhousie University both have ombudsman positions. The University of Toronto, four times as large as UVic, handled 29 cases in the first year of its ombudsman's term. The Dalhousie ombudsman handled 50 cases all year.

The cases handled by the ombudsman are anonymous, until they have to approach the dean or faculty member involved. If it's a grade appeal, or academic problem, the case remains confidential all the way to the Senate. "If students want me to go to the chairman with them, I'll go, but I would just as soon they went on their own," Beatty-Guenter says.

Ben Webb says that it's too early to judge the success of the position. "We're keeping our minds open, it's easier to tell over time. I don't think we can judge on the number of grievances. In my view, if she solves say, twelve grievances a year, and saves the academic hassles of twelve students for one year, she's done a damn good job."

Classes close early

Six professors cut their courses short this year, one as much as a month earlier, simply telling his classes, "I'm finished for the year."

Ombudsperson Patty Beatty-Guenter says that nine people have complained to her about six courses which were cut by the professors. One course was finished on March 14th, a month before the regular last day of classes on April 7th. Some courses which were scheduled for three times a week, were cut to twice a week.

"In one full year course, the professor gave two lectures a week instead of three because there wasn't enough course material to justify three lectures a week," Beatty-Guenter said, "Unfortunately, it was one of the courses in Canadian studies.

"In the course that stopped on March 14th, the professor just said, 'I'm finished'. It's really kind of a hard area," Beatty-Guenter said, "It's infringing a bit on the professor's academic freedom saying that he has to spread the courses out that long, but at the same time, the courses are expensive."

Beatty-Guenter sent a letter to Senate advising it of the problem. "I didn't want to act like a tattletale, I just wanted to point out to Senate that there is a problem."

President Petch, at the April 5th meeting of Senate, pointed out that the matter was an academic one and should be dealt with through the individual department or faculty concerned, through the dean of that Faculty.

According to the University calendar, classes officially end on April 7, but nothing specific is mentioned about ending classes earlier.

Beatty-Guenter said that the problem is not restricted to one particular department but is spread throughout the university. She added that it looked as if she would have to act as a "tattletale" after all and bring up the problem of individual professors with the appropriate dean.

Money again for UVic jobs

By GENE JAMIESON, Martlet Staff

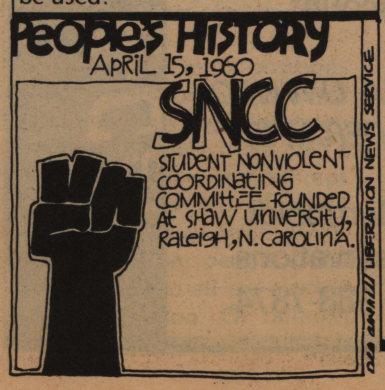
Funding for student employment to the university has been reinstated to last year's level.

Three weeks ago it was announced by the Minister of Labor, Alan Williams, that the funding would be cut back by 50 percent at all three universities in B.C. This announcement was followed by protests from the administrations and student association at the three universities.

At the time of the cut-back announcement it was indicated that the money saved from the cut-back would be given to the private sector for job-creating use. This amount would supposedly have been approximately one million dollars. It was indicated to the **Martlet** Tuesday that this money would still be made available to the private sector despite the reinstatement of the university's funding. According to Ministry spokesperson Verne Burkhart, the commitment of the $1 million to the private sector has already been made so it is impossible for the Ministry to back out now.

The amount reinstated will actually exceed what the University of Victoria was given in 1977. The new amount is $387,988, up $201,372 from the original grant of $186,616 that was announced by Williams three weeks ago. Last year the number of jobs this created at UVic was 143. This is expected to be matched this year, even with the extra funding. According to Anne

[continued on page 4]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LIBERATION NEWS SERVICE

Reporter indicts AMS craft fair

By OWEN TOOP, Martlet Staff

Human-interest columnist Max Low has roused the ire of Alma Mater Society officials, following a recent **Times** article in which he slammed the student organization for forcing the former sponsors of the UVic Craft Fair out of the Student Union Building.

The former UVic Craftspeople Committee, now the Newcombe Craftspeople Committee, were quoted by Low as accusing the AMS of deceiving the public. In the article, it was alleged that the AMS, in setting up its own craft fair under the title of the UVic Crafts Fair, (it was actually called the AMS Arts and Crafts Fair), was living off the goodwill created by the former sponsors of the event.

Alma Mater Society response was bitter. "I don't really know why Gina Rohr (Newcombe Crafts Fair organizer) went to the press anyway. I guess she didn't want our presentation to succeed," AMS Academic Affairs Director Ben Webb complained, adding that the AMS fair, which concluded Sunday, had succeeded "quite handily".

Webb said the column had "pictured us as ogres." "The article was factually correct but slanted towards Gina Rohr's side."

"I'm very disappointed in Gina. I wish she weren't doing this to us."

Webb said he and AMS manager Dave Clode have sent a letter to the **Times** in reply to the article.

Rohr told the **Martlet** she was "very satisfied" with the article, and said she had the documentation to prove the article's accuracy.

Asked about the statement in the article, later retracted by the **Times** that the AMS venture was "a student oriented fair," she replied that this had been "the general opinion of the committee."

Rohr went to the **Times** after the Newcombe Craftspeople decided to publicize the fact that different people would be working in the AMS Fair. "Definitely, they are behind me," she replied when asked if the Newcombe committee had supported her going to the press.

However Newcombe craftsperson Richard Latte confided the Low article, while expressing the feelings of the collective, was "a little heavier than we wanted it to be."

"It tended to downgrade the craftspeople that were out there and that is something we don't want to do."

"Our object was to get to the public the facts that the fair at the university was a new fair; that the people were new. That is not to say it was bad."

However Latte said he did not feel the article had hurt the UVic craftspeople.

A great deal of the problem was that communication between the AMS and the craftspeople was never that good, he said. "The AMS didn't realize that it was not Gina's fair. The AMS never had a chance to really talk to the craftspeople," he said.

All decisions for the arts collective for the past two years had been made by general agreement of the craftspeople, he said.

While the AMS had some legitimate complaints, they were expecting too much of the Arts collective if they felt no conflicts would occur, he said. "If the AMS does rent that space to an outside group, that is going to happen. It's like a landlord telling his tenants they can't hammer a nail in the wall."

Latte said some of the smaller craftspeople could not afford the new rates the AMS expected. He added the craftspeople judged entrants to the fair according to quality of work, and noted this was not taking place at the UVic fair this spring.

"We got the impression that we were wanted out; but then that's just guess work because we never sat down and talked with the AMS council," Latte said.

He said he felt both craft fairs could succeed in the long run.

...from 3

JOBS

Ehrcke of the UVic Research Administration, the number of jobs created will depend on the amount granted, $378,600. This year the number of jobs created at Uvic is expected to at least match last year's figure.

Funding at the University of British Columbia and Simon Fraser University has also been reinstated to just over the amount they were allocated last year. UBC is estimated as receiving approximately $1.5 million, while SFU will receive approximately $425,000.

The university employment programs of the past have generally centered on research and those employed by this program are usually either graduate students or 3rd and 4th year students. Proposals for jobs are forwarded from unviersity staff and faculty to a university adjudicating committee. There, administrative, faculty and student representatives choose a selection of job proposals which is then sent to the Minister of Labor for final approval. This year's proposals have already been sent to the minsiter but his decision has not been made known yet.

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Fong on Mailer order

Editor:

As the song nearly runs, "Which side are you on, Bernard?"

Deep into Bernard Fong's long and relatively sympathetic piece on the unemployment demonstration in last week's Martlet, I found several lines that rather puzzled and distressed me. Probably most Martlet regulars missed the offending paragraph as they skipped through the Maileresque prose.

In the lower regions of Mr. Fong's page 3 spill there appears the sentence; "Dave Barrett...never alluded to his government, under which the economy grew so dependent on the generous widening of the civil service and the profligate social schemes."

Understand, now, Bernard, I am neither an NDP hack nor a bitcher for all seasons. However, when I read creapulous statements like yours I am impelled to respond with vim, venom and vigor.

To say that NDP social spending was profligate is barbaric, Bernard.

To assert that the B.C. economy became so-o-o dependent on the provincial government under the NDP is fatuous, Mr. Fong.

Finally, to expect Barrett to talk about the failings of his government at an anti-Socred demo, Mr. Fong, is very, very silly.

Fraternally,
Ben Webb

Senate shame

Editor:

Spring is here and again a student's fancy turns to final exams and student elections. It appears that attention this year was so firmly rivited on exams that Senate and BOG elections passed before voters had a chance to think about casting their ballots. How else can we explain the apathy that surrounded elections this year?

There are eleven positions for students on Senate, yet many students don't appear to be aware that there is a Senate, let alone student reps elected. Only ten of those eleven positions were filled. Why? Only ten people stood for election so all ere elected by acclamation. Or default. Choose the word that best fits for you. No rep was elected from Fine Arts because none stood for election.

There are two students on BOG (Board of Governors for the unitiated). At least we had enough interest in those positions to have an election, though the results, in terms of voting, were not much less disappointing than Senate elections. 7,198 ballots were mailed out to eligible electors. 433 were returned. This is a return rate of about 6.1 percent.

Rumors have been around for some time that students may be dropped from these bodies, and from election results it appears that few people would care. Mr. McGeer would need little more to back up an argument that student representation is unnecessary. The election results speak for themselves.

It is a bit late to act this year, but it might be worth thinking about some day during the summer. These positions were hard-won by our predecessors at UVic.

If you have an interest or problem that you feel should be brought to the attention of your elected reps, we all have mailboxes in the SUB. They are located just around the corner from the SUB general office. Students are also welcome to attend Senate caucus meetings in the SUB upper lounge on the Monday prior to the regular monthly meeting of Senate at 6 p.m.

Lizz Hanan,
Student Senator

Ovoid cretin

Editor:

While I was up at the university on Saturday night, some slack-jawed idiot who doubtless has slobber stains sliding down the front of even his best shirt (yes, the one with the Mr. Bee collar) had a joyous time peppering my car with eggs. As I spent part of Sunday (at least it was sunny) removing this nutritive detritus, I found myself contemplating, as I expect most people do when thrust into a similar situation, just what straitened familiar circumstances had spawned such a twisted cretin. I next pondered the vicissitudes of fate, wondering if it was true that some people are earmarked as victims. Perhaps my hubris warranted such a karmic Bronx sneer. Anyway, asshole, even if you were the unwitting agent of cosmic forces, I still hope that the next time you go to the zoo you fall face first into a large mound of barely-congealed elephant dung.

Yours sincerely,
Robert Moyes

We won't take Grace's cooking

Editor:

If Captain James Cook hadn't been the surprise main course for the Sandwich Island natives in 1779, he'd be rolling in his grave in 1978.

No wonder; B.C.'s Minister of Tourism, Gracie McCarthy has got a strangle-hold on his historical records and is proceeding to abuse and exploit them as hard and as often as possible.

C'mon, it's time us natives got together and choked off Ms. McCarthy's embarassing tourist-dollar sucking campaign. Are we going to stand idly by and watch while she blatantly exploits the record of the greatest navigator of the 18th century?

Captain James Cook was a founder of Pacific anthropology, a reputed cartographer, an oceanographer of good standing. When other ship captains in Her Majesty's navy were chalking up records for extreme cruelty aboard ship and spreading terror by way of rape and pillage on land, Cook was sailing through a career as a captain noted for his fairness, a man respected by crew and strangers alike.

If one examines McCarthy's motives for grabbing the Captain Cook bicentennial as the catch-phrase for 1978's tourism theme, there can be only one logical explanation. The real Cook bicentennial is in 1979, the 200th anniversary of his death in Hawaii. Our wily minister saw an opportunity to jump the gun. She would declare the year of his landing at Nootka Sound a "bicentennial", thus preempting the genuine anniversary and solving her ever-present demand for a "festival" to draw the tourists, toting fat wallets, to the island.

The actual circumstances of the Nootka landing hardly merit such extensive celebration. Why make such a to-do over a ship's layover for repairs? This was indeed the case. Captain Cook was forced to stop in at Nootka Sound for one month (out of ten years voyaging) to repair his ship's decaying woodwork. And, ironically enough, neither Cook nor the inhabitants struck up a liking for each another. (See J.C. Beaglehole's recent biography.)

If your historical consciousness hasn't been outraged, then surely your respect for the explorer's accomplishments does not leave room for the growing momentum of McCarthy's cheap commercialism. Nor should it rest easy over the contagious rumors that all Cook did was bring VD to the island.

Poor Captain Cook. He felt guilty enough at the time when his crew spread venereal disease among the natives. He would feel infinitely worse if he could now see our honorable minister making a fool of herself by publicly denying the truth in a naive attempt to save his "reputation" and subsequently her money-making campaign.

Cook said: "I regret the incredible disorder that will forever embitter their (the native's) quiet, happy lives and make them curse the hour they saw us." He would have greater cause for regret now than he ever had then. What is done is done. But Ms. McCarthy could not leave history be; not if there was a chance to squeeze dollars from foreign pockets into her treasury.

Parades, beauty contests, Captain Cook "look-a-likes", window displays, cheap model ships, enamel buttons on tourist lapels at 59 cents a shot; where will she stop? The McCarthy slogan "We've got a special smile for you", should provide ample warning. There's a gigantic gullet behind the polished dentures on the smile-button, and the chief food for its unsatiable appetite is wayward tourist bucks. It gobbles them up at the expense of the visitors to the island, at the expense of the residents' consciences, and at the expense (this year) of the reputation of Captain James Cook, onetime respected explorer.

Frances Johnson

P.S. Some local residents aren't buying Gracie's sham. In fact, they're selling the anti-commercialism T-shirt. It reads: "No thanks. I live here."

Books going up

Prices at the UVic bookstore are expected to rise from between ten and fifteen percent in time for the next winter session, according to bookstore manager Trudy Martin.

The biggest price change will occur on books published in countries other than Canada, due to the drastic fall in the value of the Canadian dollar. However, a price change will be cushioned by existing stock at the bookstore.

[continued on page 6]

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Sawchuk's satisfied

By WALTER RIETH, Special to the Martlet

Intramural and recreational activities should permeate the UVic campus by expanding programs to locations outside the McKinnon center according to Ted Sawchuck, Director of Student and Ancillary Services.

"There are several possible rooms around campus that could easily handle activities not requiring specialized features," he said. "We will, of course, continue to emphasize the drawing together of faculty, staff and students in these programs."

Sawchuck said he was very pleased with the recreation program in the last few years and emphasized the program's impact is greater than most people realize. "The McKinnon building is always full." He added, "It will probably be the first building on campus to wear out."

Revenue for the programs is obtained from Alma Mater Society money (figured at eight dollars per student) matched two-to-one by the university administration. With the university enrollment static, funding for intramural and recreation programs will not increase under the present budget arrangements.

"We have gotten a lot of mileage out of the money involved," said Sawchuck. "I think we've saturated the facilities. We can't recover all the costs but I don't think we should. The exception would be instructional classes which pay for themselves."

Sawchuck also said he is looking forward to a series of unique events next year, on par with the recent Waterloo jogging challenge. The events are useful in garnering a lot of participation within the university community and at the same time enhance the image of UVic.

Sawchuck added the importance of the free-time recreational program used by people who haven't time for stuctured leagues or instructional classes.

An official statement of policy for both the intramurals programs including recreation and the extramurals program is presently being drafted by the President's Advisory Committee of Athletics and Recreation. Sawchuck, a member of this standing committee, said a draft should be finished by the end of this month.

Exam Relief

The new reduced hours for the McKinnon complex, effective April 1, will give students adequate relaxation time during exam month, said Intramurals Coordinator Penny Rollins.

The new hours show the McKinnon building open from 8:30 a.m. to 9:30 p.m. from Monday to Friday with activities to end by 9 p.m. Saturday and Sunday hours will be from 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

Recreational swimming times are 11:30 to 1:30 p.m. and 3:30 to 5:30 from Monday to Friday and from 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings.

Family recreational swimming will still be from noon to 5 p.m. on Sunday afternoons.

Students with 9 a.m. exams can take advantage of the early bird swim from 7:30 to 8:30 a.m. on Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

Games at UVic

The University of Victoria, together with the Recreation and Fitness branch of the Ministry of Recreation and Conservation, is sponsoring a leadership clinic for the New Games April 19 and 20 at UVic's McKinnon playing fields.

The concept of free form games evolved out of the counterculture community in the San Francisco area to a more popular wide-ranging community acceptance. The principle, "Play hard, play fair and nobody hurt," encourages participation from individuals who want to play together "for the fun of sport".

The New Games are for everyone who wants to play regardless of sex, age or size.

Some of the New Games are legitimately "new" while others are old games rediscovered or old games remodelled.

The clinic will involve leadership classes for about 60 persons, who will then conduct a New Games Tournament for interested residents of Victoria between 2 and 4 p.m. April 20.

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BOOKSTORE

"The amount of the actual increase will ultimately be up to the distributors when they sent out to the country's bookstores and since they have not indicated what sort of increases can be anticipated, we have no way of knowing the exact amount of increase," Martin stated.

She is confident, however, that the increase will be no more than ten or fifteen percent even though the inflation rate in BC is between eight and ten percent and the Canadian dollar has lost over twelve percent in relation to the American dollar. A large number of trade books and texts sold at the UVic bookstore are published by American and United Kingdom firms. These are then distributed to Canadian bookstores through Canadian distributors, usually at a slightly marked up price.

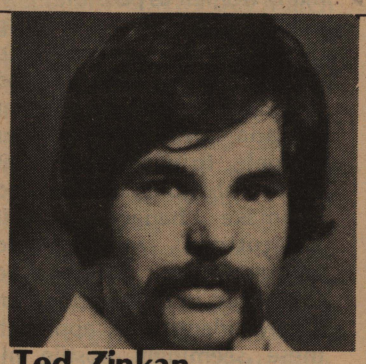
Martin warned that new edition books will not be able to be cushioned by stock inventories because of the very fact that they are new editions. "You can probably expect at least a fifteen percent increase in new editions over the price we could have got them for last year; however, we haven't had any definite word from the distributors yet so we can't even guarantee that," she added.

The bookstore has tried to run on a break-even basis since their inception in 1963, but according to a member on the AMS advisory committee, they have got into the habit of marking up textbooks to twenty percent. Apparently the profit margin on texts is somewhat less than on trade books allowing the bookstore to use this fact to justify the mark-up.

Athletes' efforts acknowledged

Jan Crook, a member of Canada's national field hockey team and gymnast Dave Bibby are the first recipients of the prestigious President's Award. The presentation was made at the annual University of Victoria Athletic Awards banquet recently.

The new awards, presented by UVic president Howard Petch, honor the male and female athletes who successfully combine athletic skills with academic achievement.



Ted Zinkan

Crook, of Victoria, is considered one of the most fundamentally skillful players in Canada and is consistently one of UVic's top Physical Education students.

Bibby, a third year Arts student from Vancouver, "applies the same dedication to his academic standing as he does to his gymnastic training," Dr. Petch said. Bibby dominated the Canada West gymnastic championships, but was forced out of the Canadian college championships by illness.

The Martlet Award for Outstanding Service went to Ted Zinkan, captain of the Viking rugby squad. The award was presented to Zinkan in recognition of his great contributions to the many facets of athletics. Zinkan has assisted in raising funds for an overseas tour, coached in high school rugby while a member of the Vikings and served on several campus committees, most recently the President's Task force on Athletics.

The rookie-of-the-year honour was shared by basketball Vikette Luanne Hebb and Viking Craig Higgins.

Hebb, a member of Canada's national junior women's basketball team, was the second highest scorer for the Vikettes with 241 points and the second highest rebounder averaging seven rebounds per game.

Higgins, a member of the national junior men's basketball team, was statistically the third best Viking throughout the season with 80 assists and a field goal percentage of approximately 50 per cent.

Hebb and Higgins received the Robert Wallace Shield from Dr. Wallace, chancellor of UVic.

Bev Draper, of Victoria, was recognized as the manager of the year for the second time. She completed her fifth season as the administrative arm of the Vikettes basketball team.

UVic athletes with at least three years activity with various campus teams were honoured with Big Block Awards.

EDITORIAL

Prior to my appointment as sports and recreation editor of **The Martlet** in September I possessed a mild interest in one spectator sport —basketball. Now, eight months later I am a strong supporter of all the aspects of athletics and recreation at the University of Victoria.

My experiences of the past year have taught me the importance of physical activity and the value of participating in the athletic programs available on campus if one is to appreciate a total educational experience.

Because of the personal growth I underwent and the entertainment I enjoyed I would like to thank the students, faculty and staff of the University of Victoria Athletic program for giving me a chance to be a part of their personal achievements, team efforts, exciting exhibitions, dedication and enthusiasm. Without you I would still be ignorant of the true worth of athletic programming and the joy of the pursuit of athletic excellence.

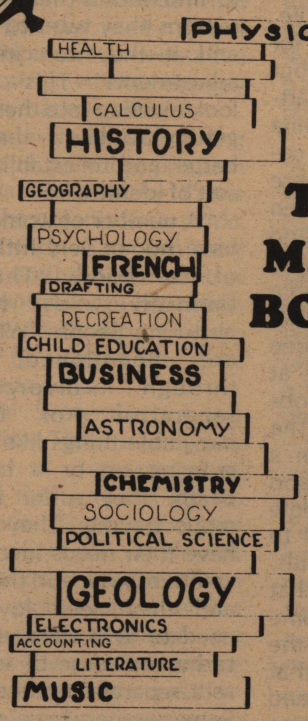
In addition I would also like to extend my appreciation to my editor, Ken Simons, for his patience, understanding and support throughout the year.

SPRING TENNIS PROGRAM

Twice a week for 6 weeks at U. Vic Tennis Courts.

The beginning tennis classes will cover the basic strokes, including forehand, backhand, serve, and volley, as well as some strategy. Intermediate and advanced play works on skill improvement and strategy. Lobs, overheads, and service will also be taught. Racquets are available if required. Tennis balls are supplied. The student/instructor ratio will be six to one, providing an excellent opportunity for individual attention.

Mon.'& Wed. Starts May 8	12:30-1:30 — Section 1 3:15-4:15 — Section 2 4:15-5:15 — Section 3	**Register at McKinnon 121**
Tues. & Thurs. Starts May 9	12:30-1:30 — Section 4 3:15-4:15 — Section 5 4:15-5:15 — Section 6	**Members: $20.00** **Non-Members: $25.00**



TOO MANY BOOKS? WHAT CAN I DO WITH THEM?

- KEEP THEM?
- THROW THEM AWAY?
- SELL THEM?

The Bookstore is sponsoring a **Textbook Buy Back** conducted by the College Service Company, on April 24th & 25th, (Monday and Tuesday) from 10 am to 4 pm.

Half price will be paid for books adopted for Fall or Summer Courses. Books not specified by the Faculty will be bought at lower prices for the wholesale market.

Clothing at the Campus Shop

New for Men :

Shelby Sweaters—long sleeves, zippered front, blue or brown tones **19.95**

Parkhurst Sweaters—short sleeves **15.95**

New for Ladies :

Jean Skirts	**13.95**
Cord Dresses	**19.95**
Bib Jean Dresses	**14.95**
Bib Cord Dresses	**14.95**
Shirts	**9.95**

Reduced :

Terry Cloth Shirts, short sleeves Navy & Yellow—Reg. 14.95 **7.95**

Ladies Nylon Tops—Reg. 7.95 **3.95**

Nylon Jackets, Terry cloth lined Navy & Yellow—Reg. 27.50 **19.95**

Sea Seats (cold water survival) **29.50**

UVIC books UNIVERSITY OF VICTORIA BOOKSTORE

Prime Time challenges the myth

BY LAURIE BRINKLOW, Martlet Staff

"One is not born a woman, one becomes one."

Simone de Beauvoir, "The Second Sex".

The present generation has seen numerous changes in society's roles, the most remarkable one being in the role we perceive a woman to have. From the place of being only a wife and mother, she has found herself in the position where she now has the world at her feet. She can be independent, she can be unique, and she is finally free of that image, that, if not conformed to in days past, would have provoked harsh judgement from the world around her. The time has come that a woman no longer has to be raised as a "beautiful little fool", but is allowed to be an intelligent individual alongside her brothers.

These changes seem inevitable in a world that is based on progress. But there are some people who have been left behind, left in the roles that they had to adhere to when they were growing up. Who feels the pain of watching her children leave more than the middle-aged mother who herself has nowhere to go? Who feels the injustice of the world more than the woman who, after doing her duty by being a good wife and mother, finds herself divorced by a "free-spirited" man?

These problems are a reality in our world. But it seems that very little but the tragic consequences are known; the why's and wherefore's are still a mystery. **Prime Time** is made up of a group of women who have been in that situation and have decided to do something about it. And it is about time that someone did

Prime Time is a program for women in their middle years. Funded by the National Health and Welfare Department and co-sponsored by the Ym-YWCA and the B.C. Association of Social Workers, the Victoria-based project is concerned with the problems of middle-aged women who have found their changing social roles evolving into a conflict-crisis situation. Research has found that, just as men reach a sort of climax in their middle years, women do the same. And it has been found that very little is known about this stage in a woman's life.

In September of 1976, present program co-ordinator Donna Watt undertook a pilot-project in order to prepare a proposal to the government, with hopes of obtaining a grant. The program was successful and funds were secured for June of 1977 for a three-year program to begin as soon as possible. The staff came on in September and the project has been in full operation ever since. In the first three months, the staff and thirty volunteers were working with a group of 150 women in various activities. This certainly showed that there is a great need for this type of project and that the need is growing all the time.

Sitting in an attractive lounge area of the program's downtown Victoria office, Donna Watt outlined **Prime Time's** structure. As she talked, a person couldn't help but feel the enormous energy within her and the vibrancy of the office in general. Amidst the ringing telephones and seemingly endless confusion, she explained in her relaxed and easy-going manner just what **Prime Time** is all about, its four main objectives and its function in the community.

The first of these objectives is to gather information about women in their middle years. Ms. Watt said, "We are also aware that the stereotype of the middle-aged woman is not a very positive one. In order to challenge that view, which, of course, we all want to do personally, because that's where we are, we really are gathering a lot of information."

By doing original research, surveys, and looking at already published information, **Prime Time** has found that, just as adolescence is a critical stage in human development, so are the middle years, "middlescence", as some refer to it. This is a period where a conflict-crisis situation is likely to occur. A man's craziness is accepted, when, in his middle years, he suddenly quits his job, starts running around with other women, or leaves his family. These are the results of a definite shift in his personality. But researchers are finding that it happens to women as well.

Part of that shift in a women is due to a physiological change—the menopause, when the reduction of estrogen causes different reactions in different people. Only recently has any literature concerning the prelude and early stages of the menopause been made available for women. They are often confused as to what is happening to their bodies, causing the "change of life" to be a very traumatic experience.

A second part of that change is due to our society in general. Often, in the case where the woman has spent most of her life married and raising children, she finds her social roles changing. Her children are leaving home and her husband is worried about his career, and she may find she hasn't a social role of any importance. She doesn't have a job, she's not a mother anymore, and she's not yet a grandmother. She may find she has lost her identity, and, because she has been sheltered for so much of her life, she does find often that she hasn't the knowledge or the skills to create for herself a new one. Because she very seldom has anyone to turn to for help, the consequences are often very serious with many other people's lives being affected as well.

A third change is a psychological change which is common to both men and women in their middle years. Perhaps it is the awareness that their lives are half over and that they are going to die. This realization often changes their ideas of what life is all about, causing their sense of reality to fall apart. They find a real need to assess their values and often a whole restructuring is necessary. This deep questioning has some grave effects on people, and if there is no one for the person to go to for help, serious damage can be done to that person's identity.

Therefore, **Prime Time** feels that these changes in middle-aged people move toward a crisis-point, and could be taken to be another growing period in people's lives. **Prime Time's** focus is mainly on women though, because, over the years, society has accepted a man's changing whereas women's feelings have been so repressed that little is known about them. Only with the recent changes of men's and women's roles in society has the problem really surfaced and women are realizing that they are unique people with rights too. These changes must be examined and solutions found, which is just what **Prime Time** is doing.

Their second objective then, is sharing this information with other women. A lot of expert information has been written, but it was written from a professional and invariably male viewpoint. Donna Watt feels very strongly about this facet. "Although experts do have a role, women in a way are their own experts." Therefore, they are gathering information from women and sharing it with other women on a personal basis. Donna feels that talking with lawyers, physicians, and social workers is not nearly as creative in some instances as talking woman-to-woman. **Prime Time** is writing pamphlets, publishing newsletters and even hoping to write a book sharing these findings with as many women as possible.

They are helping professional people, like counsellors at colleges and universities, and people at Canada Manpower, for example, to understand what women are going through and to make changes in their institutions. Middle-aged women are often too frightened in their seeking for a new identity to approach these seemingly hostile institutions for help. In making changes, **Prime Time** hopes to make these services more easily accessible to women. "In order to reach as many people as possible, we are not sharing this information just among ourselves, but with existing organizations as well."

Their third objective is to act as consultants to help women and existing community groups to develop better programs for women. As they are a pioneer effort funded by the government, they are more than willing to help other communities in B.C., as well as across Canada, to establish organizations such as theirs. **Prime Time** is hoping to be able to give these interested people the "packaged contents of the program" so they can develop it as well.

In acting as consultants to women, the staff at **Prime Time** are qualified people who are there to organize and assist in making these programs for women possible. The funding was initially for four full-time positions, but was divided into seven part-time positions and Donna Watt's full-time job as co-ordinator. The reasons were that most of the women preferred part-time work and Donna felt that to get as many people involved as possible would be the most beneficial. There are also two or three contract workers working at one time doing specific jobs for one or two months. The women involved are from a variety of backgrounds and are all women in their middle years. They do not need to have professional credentials, but the qualifications are that they must have had some personal experience with the middle years crisis and that they have good group and organizational skills. These women are there to design the programs and, along with a large group of volunteers, carry them out. There is also a counsellor on staff who does individual counselling when it is needed.

Donna Watt has found that working with this large a group is very rewarding as far as results go. If a new program is being designed, the staff, along with a Board fo Directors (ten volunteer women who represent the YM-YWCA, BCSW, and other such organizations), work together to make joint decisions. They feel that, even though it may be more difficult and time-consuming, the input and feed-back is greater and they don't end up with a course that doesn't work. They never plan a course without including the women who are directly involved.

The fourth objective is to develop skills.

The problems of women in this stage of development have have always been looked at from a medical viewpoint—the women is often suffering from a disease or a personality malfunction or a mental illness of some kind. There are experts who are trained to cure these problems. But at **Prime Time**, they don't accept that "medical model". "We're more of an adult education program. We're saying a lot of women don't have the skills they need to make the transition from one life-style to another. We're here to help them develop those skills."

The first thing the women have to do is identify what skills they need. For example, basic things that so many of us take for granted, like making decisions, or formulating an opinion and sticking by it, or to be able to choose what we want to do and then do it, are areas that have to be examined. Many of the women just need information on how to deal with such areas as the menopause. They need help linking up with community resources like continuing education. In this instance, they would form a group with a leader who has returned to school, to find within themselves the reasons they want to go back and if they can make the adjustments. This involves looking deep into themselves, getting to know themselves better and to establish some sort of identity.

"A number of women really have no, or very little, sense of selfhood. They see themselves as helping, nurturing people. When they are abandoned, either through divorce or separation, or by the inevitable things like children growing up or a husband's death, they suffer an enormous trauma. They need to have their needs met through creative work for themselves and they need love. They need to love themselves and to have a sense of self-worth as a separate, unique person. Some women have not been able to develop this." And by becoming involved with programs at **Prime Time**, women are beginning to understand this.

The organization has found that there is a great demand for information on financial planning. "It is a fantasy that we're all brought up with—that our young lives in general are geared to that climax, the pinnacle that is marriage. You dedicate your life to that man and your family and you believe that you'll be looked after for the rest of your life." But the reality is that a woman cannot rely on a man for her entire

[*continued on page 9*]

PRIME TIME

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life. The statistics show that 35 percent of the widows in Canada are under 65, 45 percent of all divorced women are over 35 years of age and the divorce rate is increasing. "They come here with the attitude that "I've got to know more, I've got to get more experience, more knowledge, and feel better about myself." Financial planning is becoming a matter of survival to these women, and is an integral part of this growing process.

Along with working directly with women who need this kind of help, part of **Prime Time's** mandate is to work closely with other associations and women's groups in and around the Victoria area. They have worked very closely with the YM-YWCA in establishing programs such as a single-women's group for women that have never been married. These women have found that the very name "spinster" has negative connotations and that "bachelor" is exactly the opposite. The leaders are working very hard with this group then to slowly but surely change that negative stereotype image into something more positive.

They are also working with a community organization of physicians (an advisory committee of doctors) and the Registered Nurses' Association in helping women look after their health. For example, a breast self-examination workshop has been organized, and a lot of information on preventative health care in vitamin therapy has been made available.

Camosun College is offering a financial planning program that was designed by **Prime Time**. The organization works closely with Camosun and UVic's counselling centres and continuing education programs, in an effort to make it easier for women who want to return to school.

In late September of last year, **Prime Time** organized a meeting of representatives from all the women's groups in Victoria. They found that there were 47 different organizations, ranging from church groups and service clubs to political groups and such socially minded groups as the Feminist Lesbian Action Group. Twenty-two groups were represented at the meeting. The representatives discussed what each organization was doing, like an information exchange, as a first step in ensuring that none of them were overlapping and that they were all really needed. They agreed to meet again in March and are presently working very closely with one another in co-ordinating activities.

Ms. Watt was amazed at the amount of energy and enthusiasm that all these groups have. They are very committeed to their work and the women have a very solid bond when working together for a common goal. An example of this type of involvement was the downtown demonstration for International Women's Day March 8th. She feels that all the groups know of and accept their responsibilities to the community and thus, a great deal is accomplished. She has also found really good co-operation from all organizations.

Together, a number of the women's groups are planning a downtown noon-hour lecture group. The University of Victoria Continuing Education Department is offering a series of lectures on women's issues at the Department of Health office in the Blanshard Building to reach working women who otherwise would not have a chance to be exposed to this type of thing. A number of credit courses are being offered in this same manner for both men and women to learn more about women's issues. The need for the downtown locations stems from the fact that often women don't feel comfortable at the university. Older women find it hard to use the university facilities, as this is for them, a hostile environment.

Prime Time is now trying to pass on their older programs to other organizations. At present they are hoping that the Public Health Department will pick up the menopause program, and that the Health Education section of the Health Department will publish a booklet on menopause. This will then leave them free to develop other much-needed programs.

Because the initial response to the program was so overwhelming, **Prime Time** has found that they have had to put some people of waiting lists for programs. Ms. Watt emphasized that this is not a productive act because it takes an awful lot of initiative for some women to come down in the first place. When they find that they have to be put on a waiting-list, they are often even more discouraged than before and probably will have a harder time seeking help a second time. **Prime Time** is currently trying for another staff position, but in the meantime is viewing its organization as more of a public education and not merely a drop-in centre.

One of **Prime Time's** main concerns is the image that society has of the middle-aged women. In looking through books and magazines for pictures of middle-aged women for a collage, they found only a very few; pictures of attractive, young, slim and blond women prevailed almost always. "The middle-aged women is virtually non-existent in advertising. It is so much a part of the stereotype that women are less attractive as they get older."

But it is a fact that as women grow older, their sexuality is increased. Since she no longer has to worry about pregnancy her sex drive is heightened. "But sexual attractiveness lies in beauty which society equates with being young."

"We have a volunteer photographer coming in to take pictures of women and we're going to make a whole collage of pictures of older women and say, "this is beautiful". The character that shows in our faces of the lives we've led, the lines we have that, too, is beauty. And that beauty is related to sexuality and, through this, we're going to try and change some of the attitudes towards older women."

In the U.S., a book called "The Total Woman" by Mirabelle Morgan has attempted to show that older women can be beautiful. But it conforms to the stereotype—it is opposite to everything that **Prime Time** is trying to do. "Morgan says that the way to be happy is to bring spice and life into your marriage, and in order to be powerful you have to pretend you're not. It's so popular in the States, it's frightening. It is merely a fact that women aren't going to be with a man for all of their lives."

Ms. Watt added jokingly that the option is to marry a man that is nine years younger because that is how much longer a woman's life expectancy is than a man's. "But we're so conditioned that to think of even going out with a younger man is a crime."

However slowly, the barriers are breaking down. The girls of today's generation should never have to go through the hardships and traumas that this change of life brings. Today's need is Obvious and **Prime Time** is filling that gap successfully. Tomorrow this problem shouldn't arise, but who knows, there will probably be another just as serious. And hopefully there will be people around like Donna Watt and the rest of **Prime Time** to find a solution. But then, as long as there are women around, we'll find a way.

Thinking still short in Victoria transit

By RANDY MUTCH, Martlet Staff

For those UVic students not lucky enough to live on campus, transportation is a continuing problem, particularly for those who hocked their car to get to school. The problem is exacerbated by UVic's picturesque location in the middle of a suburban wasteland. We're isolated from contact with the community, as if higher education was an infectious virus.

Although automobiles still provide the principal egress from campus, there has been an encouraging shift this year to alternative means of transport. Almost one thousand students bought UVic bus passes this year, and according to Traffic and Security, there has been a sharp increase in bicycle use.

Both of these trends are welcomed by the university administration, and not just for reasons of energy conservation. Parking lots are expensive to build, expensive to maintain, and cut into valuable green space.

What can we expect for next year?

AMS president Dave Connell says that he is still expecting a reply from B.C. Hydro officials on the continuation of the bus pass program. The program has been successful this year according to Connell, despite the one-week bus drivers' strike, and he hopes it will be continued.

Tom O'Connor, head of Traffic and Security, stated that bike usage has increased and that the main problem is finding parking for them all. Traffic and Security now provide 556 spaces in bike racks around the campus, but even this is inadequate at peak hours. For next year, bike racks and shelters will be built. It should not be necessary to increase the 2400 spaces now available for general automobile parking, O'Connor said.

Committment from upper levels of government to alternative means of transport seems less certain.

Last year, Victoria municipality did its bit by building the bike route from Beacon Hill Park to Camosun College. Although an excellent idea, its execution left something to be desired. The route zig-zags through quiet neighbourhoods, past too-frequent stop signs, and along chewed-up asphalt studded with potholes large enough to swallow a modern-sized ten-speed, rider and all. To the city's credit, the scenery is nice, and the route is reasonably flat and well-marked. One suspects, however, that the project's total budget went on white spray paint and green tin signs.

On the provincial level, we have been promised by Hugh Curtis, Minister of Muncipal Affairs, that legislation will be introduced this year to "rationalize" public transit in B.C. What does this mean? Possibly, that the transit division of B.C. Hydro, which lost $62 million last year, will be hived off from the present corporation.

Hydro has been unenthusiastic about transit innovation, as the previous NDP administration discovered. Unable to work through Hydro's conservative management, the NDP were forced to establish the B.C. Bureau of Transit Services, as a bureaucratic end run, in order to implement their progressive ideas on public transit. Under the NDP, the FastBus and Town & Country systems were created, planning began for extensive improvements to Interior community transit systems, and Vancouver's Seabus experiment was initiated.

All these programs were left in place when the Social Credit came in in 1975. Mr. Curtis now defends his record in this area by citing the expansions in small community systems and the Seabus facilities, all either in operation or in the planning stages when his party assumed government. "Rationalizaiton" of transit will probably mean that more of the cost-sharing burden will be shifted over to the municipalities, and therefore, public transit will deteriorate further.

Provincial governments may talk, the municipality may plan, but when it gets down to the crunch, it is the student who must choose between inadequate public transit, dangerous bicycle routes, or high gas prices and ICBC rates.

MARTLET #9 MAGAZINE

April 13, 1978

Manikin Charley

by Murray Robertson

He submitted easily to the proceedings. She got the house and car. He got to live in an apartment, twenty-second floor. It wasn't bad there, but the stereo took up too much room, the dishes never got done, and it all felt vaguely unreal.

He dreamt. A forty foot martini chased him down Douglas Street. The light changed. He got a block head start. The Martini was revving up its engine as it waited for the light to turn green. He watched the crossroads amber, counted seconds and took off in a cloud of blue tire smoke. A traffic cop pulled him over within a block. The martini was nowhere in sight. He didn't know what to say.

And then he was home hiding in the broom closet from an eighty foot siamese cat. "Go away Rajah," he pleaded. No luck. Rajah began tearing the closet door to shreds. Charley began to whimper, things were not going at all well. That was the answer. Charley wept copiously. He was appealing to Rajah's maternal instincts. He felt much safer and was halfway out of the broom closet when he remembered that Rajah was a male. Large yellow claws drew an arc in the air, only narrowly missing his ribs.

He found that he was in a barrel, going over Niagara Falls. The roar was deafening. He knew he would drown. The sound of the falls echoed in the barrel, and he knew that he would die when he struck the black rocks below. Just before he hit he remembered that he had never been to Niagara.

Street. Charley had had enough. "I'm tired of this damn nonsense", he shouted.

The courtroom was as quiet as the inside of a coffin. Everybody held their breath. The judge was apoplectic, but recovered to say,"I fine you one thousand dollars for being in contempt fo court." Charley blinked. "But Your Honor, I only wanted to say..." Charley couldn't remember the words. Remember the words. The words. Words.

He lost his past, his house, his car, a thousand dollars. He looked for help. The Rotary Club, the Kinsmen, Alcoholics Anonymous. They gave him advice, a pat on the back, and told him to take it easy. Charley went home in disgust and stayed there for weeks alone.

His friends worried about his health, his sanity and his bank account. He wan't working at home, was he? He didn't tell them about it, but they knew he must have an inheritance. He was ashamed of it and blushed every time he took his pants off.

I drove him out of the apartment. Besides, the dreams were driving him crazy. He once dreamt that he visited a psychiatrist, who made him relate dreams and look at them from various points of view. It cost Charley fifty dollars to learn that he was well enough to have money to pay for a psychiatrist. Charley wanted more.

He wanted a place to sleep at nights, a place that wasn't crawling with strange dreams, a place where he didn't have to drink or eat or dance. He wanted a change, but his dreams got better and better.

A hairy giantess chased him along Carral Street, early one morning just as the sun was rising, though Charley didn't want to get friendly. As she persisted, he swam across the street against the traffic signal. The horns and shouts beat on his head. But he escaped the giantess.

For half an hour she waited for the light to change. By then he was blocks away and could not see her any longer.

A panhandler asked him for spare change. He eyed the knife, backing away, into a tough and prosperous looking young lady. "Watch it," she growled, peeling the velvet away from her claws. This wasn't making sense and there was no place to go, so he went home.

At home, he barricaded the door. Several times he had been attacked by trick-or-treaters-turned-thugs. They made a point of burglarizing his apartment when he was home. That was because they like to beat him unconscious first. Once he chased them out with a Boer War sabre he kept hung up over the mantle. When they stole it too, his psychiatrist tried to sell him a Doberman Pinscher. It didn't make any sense at all.

From Russia With Spunk

by Vladimir Ramonov

I.

I walked up to her and I asked her to dance. "Come on and be my Party Doll." I asked her her name and in a dark Red voice she said, "Olga."

We danced a slow fandango, twisting dialectics across the floor.

"You are under investigation," I said.

"I have been under investigation a long time, comrade," she said tersely.

II.

"Please allow me to introduce myself," he said. "I am an investigator for the State."

We were down by the sea, in a commissar's dascha in the shade.

"So you say you've got some information?" he asked.

Why, why, why, Olga, don't take your love to Boris.

"Have you seen my wife, Comrade Ivan?"

"If what you say is true, it's a hard line's going to fall."

III.

Saturday, in the park, a man selling Manifestos, singing proletarian songs.

"Breakdown, it's alright," said Ivan.

"Please?" she begged. "Please!" Her face appeared just ghostly. "Me?"

I looked at her, and she at me.

"What will I do when they turn out the lights?" she implored.

"Twist and shout," he said, coldly.

IV.

And then she touched me. I felt a heart made of stone.

"That's when I fell for the leader of the clique."

Clack. Clack. The waiter set down two vodkas. Domestic. Pity, I prefer Canadian.

"I've never been to Siberia," she said, "but I kind of like the weather."

"Rebel, rebel," I chided her, "your dialectic's a mess."

She saw them before I did.

"They're coming to take me away!" she cried. She ran.

She looked back to see if I looked back to see if she

It was the best summer ever, the year when everyone was down at the lake, when I was thirteen years old, when Anne was my best friend. It was hot and the sun stayed in the sky longer, it seemed, because we wanted the days to last a little longer, to cram in as much of the laughter and excitement of being together. We spent all our time together, swimming, climbing the roofs of the boathouses—Anne standing closer to the edge than I dared to—on the beach, or playing "touch the car" on the dusty dirt road down to the general store.

clenching fear, scrambling in darkness, and giggles. Anne always made it "home" first and tonight was no exception. Some of the younger children had to go home to bed and the rest of us were wondering what to do next, when my brother half-jokingly suggested we go for a skinny-dip in the lake. Before we knew it, the thought of such a risque enterprise gripped and propelled us down the winding staircase to the beach; I, not noticing in my excitement and haste how Anne hung back behind us.

It was like another game, naughty and forbidden,

The Skinny-Dip

by Barbara Mitchell

Anne, always braver than I, managed to get closer to the slow-moving cars on the little track. She touched them all as they passed, while I hung back and tried to avoid the mangled frogs that accumulated on the road at night and were run over in the dark. At least once during the summer, each of us would step on the dead remains of a frog and have squeamish hysterics as the other laughed unsympathetically; at least once we would stub a toe on the back road leading to my family's cottage and walk around for a day, looking in anguish at the pulpy skin and nail, though Anne maintained she didn't feel a thing.

When her family prepared to leave a couple of days before mine, I was heartbroken, and we spent our last day together up in the treehouse behind her cottage, where we slipped away at times during the summer to a secret cache of cigarettes. Anne would puff contentedly as we talked about our adolescent fantasies and the hidden mysteries of boys, booze and love. We promised undying friendship and each would write faithfully to keep alive the magic of the summer until the next one came around.

That night, all of our friends met to play our usual game of hide-and-seek, the air filled with throat-

which added to the fun. The beach was practically pitch-black, helping some to hide their shyness, and boys and girls separated to get undressed. The boys were quicker than the girls and chased each other, whooping and shouting to hide embarrassment, down into the water. Pale flashes of white were all that could be seen as, one after another, the children dashed madly to the modesty of the water. I was struggling to remove my socks when I looked up to see Anne, fully dressed, standing a little way off in the gloom. Her face was pleading; whiter even than my almost naked skin. Then Anne, the bravest and the best—my best friend—turned and ran up the beach, stumbling in the sand, towards the stairs and her cottage. I stood there, in puzzlement and anger at her stranger behavior, one sock still on, and in my mind I whispered, "Coward!". I watched her fade into the darkness of the stairs, then turned my back on her and, pulling off my sock, raced to the water, to the laughter, and to my friends.

I didn't go over to her cottage the next day to say goodbye, I didn't write to her over the long school year, and I never spoke of her shame and fear. I kept it to myself, and when we moved too far away to stay at the lake anymore, I was glad.

Quiet Desperation

Waiting

Catharsis

in the dream
my father died
and I was weeping
and I was weeping with love he
was such a
good man I cried

remembered that Rajah was a male. Large yellow claws drew an arc in the air, only narrowly missing his ribs.

He found that he was in a barrel, going over Niagara Falls. The roar was deafening. He knew he would drown. The sound of the falls echoed in the barrel, and he knew that he would die when he struck the black rocks below. Just before he hit he remembered that he had never been to Niagara, didn't even know how to get there.

Then he was bullfighting in Spain. The bull turned exactly the amount he'd jumped backwards. The horn was closing in: an inch away, half an inch, a mere heartbeat. It was going in. The crowd was cheering wildly. The bull was a great champion. He was dying.

He went to Vancouver because purgatory was full. In Chinatown a dragon chased him, banging and popping most horribly. Charley called a taxi. The taxi stopped but the driver ran screaming down Hastings

At home, he barricaded the door. Several times he had been attacked by trick-or-treaters-turned-thugs. They made a point of burglarizing his apartment when he was home. That was because they like to beat him unconscious first. Once he chased them out with a Boer War sabre he kept hung up over the mantle. When they stole it too, his psychiatrist tried to sell him a Doberman Pinscher. It didn't make any sense at all.

He cried out in his sleep. Nobody answered. He tried talking it over with his best friend, who had a new mistress and was too busy. And so the dreams continued, getting better and better.

People were flying in the park. Charley tried. He became a huge black bird. Nobody noticed, but it was great anyways. He had no bills to pay, no house, no car. All he needed was a tall tree to perch in and a bit of garbage to eat when he got hungry. He didn't have to drink or dance or dine. He could just sit on his high branch and watch the people pass.

Domestic. Pity, I prefer Canadian.

"I've never been to Siberia," she said, "but I kind of like the weather."

"Rebel, rebel," I chided her, "your dialectic's a mess."

She saw them before I did.

"They're coming to take me away!" she cried. She ran.

She looked back to see if I looked back to see if she looked back at me. I didn't.

They caught her before she had run one hundred meters.

V.

It was nine o'clock on a Tuesday, as the Praesidium shuffled in. She was climbing the stairway to the podium.

I turned to Ivan. "I can't get any satisfaction."

"You can't always get what you want."

"I'll get by with a little help from my friends."

Olga, I missed you, and I've been so Red.

"She was a young materialist," snapped Ivan.

VI.

It took a few days to decide. Olga is a transportation transfer on the Trans-Siberian Railway. Well, Red, set, go, here I am.

I'm going to take an Aeroflot to America. I want to hear those Telecasters ringing out.

Quiet Desperation

Waiting

Time goes by at a speed of
60 seconds per minute
60 minutes per hour
24 hours per day...

Waiting for something

"Don't just sit there;
do something!"
"Get up off your fat ass
and get to work!"
"He that will not when he can,
may not when he would."...

Waiting for something marvelous

Time is spent
striving, failing,
working, wanting,
trying, crying...

Waiting for something marvelous to do

Time is spent
waiting for something marvelous
that never happens.

by 754627

Catharsis

in the dream
my father died
and I was weeping
and I was weeping with love he
was such a
good man I cried
he was such
a good man
I released
love so
much love
and woke up
confronting
him blankly once more
like a wall

by Michael Ranfft

Shooting the Gap

I am tired of talking
talking is so useless

we are both blind
when so much is in braille

you must touch
me with your fingers

by Michael Ranfft

The Fighter

for Dale

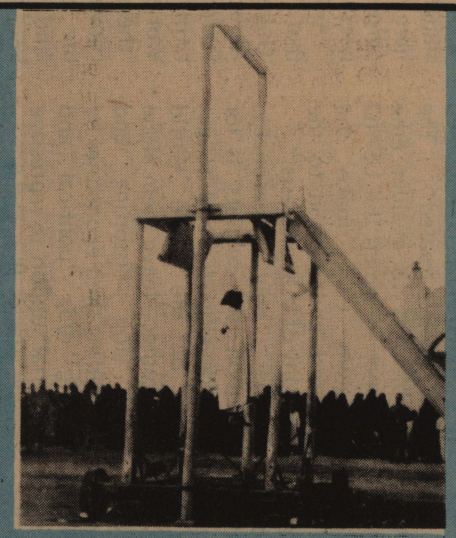
every drunk
he'd put the world at our table
whatever you want Mike
you can have
if you really
want it it's there
over and over
again and again
he would repeat like obsession
the terrible truth
the terrible lie

Michael Ranfft

Century Evening

so one more drunk
gets beat up in the Century
by an indian woman
who kicks him to heaping faceless silent huddle
and thesound of ripping jacket
as the bouncer pulls him to his feet
is just the sound of
any cloth tearing I discover
the pounding after the drunk
is pushed outside the back
is more like boxes banged and thrown about
and the indian woman
pulled by roping arms
out the front door
she is a sullen wax figure
a museum fixture suddenly calmly dragged away
Only the old chinese gentleman
his face sea of lines
eight glasses on his table
eight empty glasses on his table
sitting still erect and presiding
sitting watchful through all of this
Only the old chinese gentleman
knows what has happened here tonight
and even he is
a good carving
a very good carving

by Michael Ranfft



Holiday Snaps

He was already dead
when I took this photograph
in the late afternoon
as the crowd watched,
(not reverential, or ashamed)
simply chattering in the anonymity
of that crowded afternoon.

It is true that some women wore black,
and some men turned away, but
not out of respect I though as
I quickly slipped the camera into my
coat pocket and headed back,
sickened by my forced companionship with
murderers.

H. Pulp

Woman of Jezebel

your smile says Loverman
here it is Loverman
taunting how you taunt—
you remind me of the time
my aunt placed her nylon
stockinged sole on my
bare foot and said
And how are you today Michael?

An Encounter

well hi—how ya doin
lashes flash body shifting
oh fine
oh god hold on hold on

yes I'm fine
glance up and the
inane remark

I want to touch—please
I'm human

don't block me out.

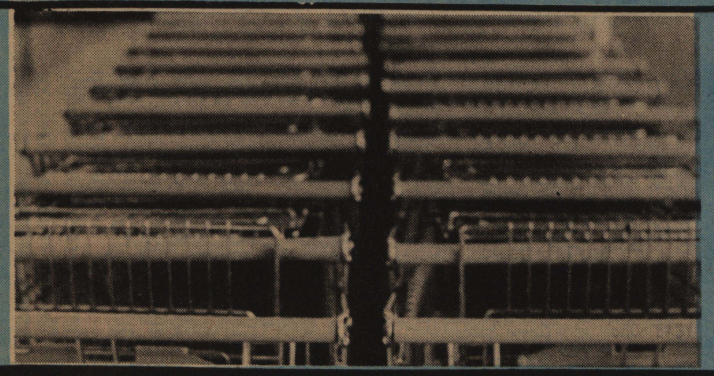
by Penny Beech

Toast to Better Times

Phillippa's anguish
Denise's sadness
Leila's laments
one sweet lady
is like any old man
when she suffers
I sit drinking
and I drink a drink
to all of you
and look at the oaks
tangled dead
arteries capillaried
into bloodless
raining white—
I could kiss you all
for I know
I know

by Michael Ranfft

Supermarket



Desks in a row like
shopping carts:
When I think of exams
I'm reminded of those
bottom-waggin relics
jockeying for position
in a disco-market express lane.
Fast-food-knowledge is checked out
eight items or less,
the less the better.

H. Pulp Jr.

Contributor Notes:

The Martlet Magazine editor is Will Garrett-Petts.
Barbara Mitchell is a first year Arts and Science history major. This is her first published work.
Penny Beech is a first year poet.
Michael Ranfft is a prolific poet.
Vladimir Ramonov had a California driver's licence.
H. Pulp and H. Pulp Jr. are dispossessed freedom fighters.
754627 is a sign of the times.
Murray Robertson is recently divorced.

Multinats 'keep people from feeding selves'

By GORDON PLATT, Special to the Martlet

How the Other Half Dies: The Real Reasons for World Hunger, Susan George, Penguin, pp. 349.

One of the astounding features of academia is the moral and political myopia it nurtures. The fundamantal injustices of our times, which cannot be solved by the application of technology within our society's ideological norms, are conveniently obscured or hidden from sight.

Susan George's How the Other Half Dies attacks this insular perspective, by confronting us with the harsh realities of a world marked by suffering and blatant injustice. More importantly, she follows up this description with a devastating critique of the popular myth that world hunger results from overpopulation, environmental limitations or inevitable backwardness. Her message in this book, forcefully stated, ends with what amounts to a call to revolution in the Third World.

George begins by suggesting that "if it takes you six hours to read this book, somewhere in the world 2,500 people will have died of starvation or hunger-related illness by the time you finish." Extreme malnutrition, with all of its horrendous consequences on ones capacity to effectively interact with the world, directly affects well over 500 million Africans, Asians, and Latin Americans who live in what the World Bank terms, "absolute poverty."

Why so many hungry? The author of How the Other Half Dies suggests that hunger is not the inevitable condition of the world's destitute majority, but "is caused by identifiable forces within the province of rational, human control." Using United Nations figures, she goes through various Third World countries and shows the gap between potential food harvests at the given state of technology and the actual harvests today. The Third World has the capacity to feed itself, she states emphatically; hunger in the Thrid World is the direct result of patterns of land ownership, largely determined by the activities of multi-national agribusiness corporations.

"Westerners tend to ascribe world hunger to galloping population increases, climatic acts of God such as drought, or to laziness and lack of initiative on the part of the poor themselves. Such explanations are not only insulting, they are mythical. Population pressures can agravate hunger, but they do not cause it. Not only do the poor need children in societies where social security schemes are rudimentary or nonexistent, it can also be shown that the Third World countries now doing the best job of feeding their populations have the least land per inhabitant... All the figures point to the fact that the structure of landholding—in other words social organization—has far more to do with eradicating hunger than the total number of people to feed."

As George puts it, the structure of land holding and land use "literally prevents people from feeding themselves." Agribusiness corporations and their local administrators controll land, inputs, and markets throughout the Third World. In Latin America, over a third of the rural population must make do with one percent of the cropland; in Africa, three quarters of the people have access to less than four percent of the land. Moreover, World Bank figures indicate that in the three poorest continents, the largest holdings produce the least food. Perhaps most essentially, cash crops—crops for export—are, in most developing countries, the prime agriculture products.

In Sri Lanka, Brooke-Bond Liegib and a few other multinationals dominate agricultural life, directing production toward the export market. In the Phillipines, where the average daily calorie intake is 1940 (Bangladesh: 1940), Del Monte and Dole control 55 percent of the land, selling only ten percent of their produce locally. This pattern of domination and exploitation is repeated in countless other Third World countries. Agricultural lands are taken out of production to sustain demand, export crops are raised at the expense of domestic food crops, and essential foodstuffs are exported rather than consumed where they are most needed. "Rich sources of protein like fishmeal, which could perfectly well be used for human food, are processed and exported by agribusinesses like General Foods, Ralston Purina, Quaker Oats, Swift and Armour to America's 35 million dogs and 30 million cats. Any rich mongrel or pampered puss is a better customer for agribusiness than a poor human being."

Agriculture practised with this blatant disregard for human life and welfare is extremely good business. "The fact that food is a basic human necessity does not mean that it is universally thought of as a basic human right. For a limited number of agents in a position to call most of the shots, food is nothing more than a series of commodities on which money can be made exactly like rubber or gold. According to

the simplest rule of liberal economics, a vital commodity in short supply will be expensive and he who has some to sell will make money. This basic rule is being applied on a global scale, with considerable success."

What has been perpetrated on the world in recent years is a planned scarcity: th ough smashing eggs and drowning baby pigs, to paying farmers off to take land out of production, the multinationals that control agriculture have eliminated the 'annoying' surpluses of the 1960's.

There was a lot of talk about 'catastrophic' harvests in 1972. In reality, these harvests were only about one percent below those of 1971, a record year. What almost no one mentioned on the otherhand was that the four major cereal producing nations had taken fully a third of their grain-growing area out of cultivation during 1968-70 in response to the 'overproduction' crisis of the 1960's. If these countries had merely continued to grow grain at a constant rate, they would have produced 90 million more tons of wheat during 1969-72. At the World food conference, the Director General of the Food and Agricultural Organization of the U.N. pleaded for just 8-12 million tons of wheat so that India, Bangladesh, Pakistan and Tanzania and the Sahel countries could 'avoid the worst'. This disparity may seem appallign in moral terms. In economic terms it merely shows that the developed countries food production is related to monetary demand—not to the needs of human beings."

How the Other Half Dies makes a good case for the contention that food aid and technological "gifts" facilitate the continued exploitation of the Third world. Food aid increases dependency and lubricates the frictions caused by the present economic order; technical assistance is geared to finding markets for tractors and fertilizers produced in the West. Moreover, the agricultural techniques associated with the "Green Revolution" is applied mainly to cash crops. Its effect in many countries has been to wipe out the small foodstuff producer. No technical "solution" is neutral; in backward countries where it is introduced it will have profound implications for the entire social structure.

The U.S. Agency for International Development !USAID) which coordinates much Third World economic activity and skulduggery, has made a concerted effort to "bring Third World citizens around to 'thinking American'," as George puts it. She quotes a USAID official's testimony before the U.S. Congress: "Our basic, broadest goal is a long range political one. It is not development for the sake of sheer development... An important objective is...to ensure that foreign private investment, particularly from the United States is welcomed and well treated... The problem is to evaluat ethe manner in which the USAID program cake make the greatest contribution to the totatlity of U.S. interests."

The only reasonable solution, she submits, is for the developed world to get out of the Third World altogether—leave them alone and stop distorting and perverting their economies by giving aid, "political and material support to repressive local elites that have no intention of changing the lot of their people." We must give them a chance to overthrow corrupt regimes and become self-sufficient, give them an opportunity to solve their own problems. Our interference is rarely beneficial.

But the altruism required to motivate our governments and big business to stop interfereing in the Third World is against the whole Western ethos. In fact, George suggests that we are witnessing a new form of American domination emerging: agripower. Vietnam and Chile, she states, were either too costly or too blatant. "The people that may get in the way will not be napalmed, but they may still die, frequently of hunger. Agripower, like other kinds of power, will be used, and the goal of foof dependency for the Third World—and even for the rest of the developed world—has become a permanent feature of United States foreign policy. As we have seen, the economics of soybeans can be better for keeping any number of countries in line than the best trained police forces." The international 'Interdependence' we hear American and Canadian officials call for in the news, "means that the U.S. will supply food as long as underdeveloped countries continue to supply raw materials, cash crops, and labour on terms basically unfavourable to them."

George quotes a secret CIA report which announces that the world food situation can potentially "give the U.S. a measure of power it never had before; possibly an economic and political dominance greater than that of the post World War II years...not only the poor, less-developed countries, but also the major powers would be at least partially dependent on food imports from the United States." The Ford-Nixon Secretary of Agriculture Mr. Butz did not hesitate to speak of food as a "weapon", as a "powerful tool in our negotiating kit."

This power game is being played at the expense of some 10,000 lives a day, not to mention those who survive with brain damage or chronic anemia. Baby seals may be slaughtered, but the horrific human genocide that is perpetrated by Western elites goes largely unnoticed.

America (and Canada, for that matter) has its own 'Gulag's': slave labour is extracted from peasants forced off their subsistance farms throughout the Third World. In Brazil, for instance, "these people provide a convenient labour force for the preparation of pasture land. To keep their wages low, they are joined by thousands of other jobless people—one of Brazil's richest resources—sometimes transported from hundreds of miles away. The ranching multinationals (to keep their hands 'clean') turn their employment problems over to gatos, as the labour brokers are called. These 'cats' recruit workers for about $2 a day, keeping half of this for food and as commission. Since many workers must also pay back exorbitant costs of transportation to the job site, the peoes live in conditions of semi-slavery and are guarded by armed militias."

[*continued on page 13*]

Parochial concerns of watershed poet

By DONALD SCHMIDT, Special to the Martlet

Right Hand, Left Hand, Dorothy Livesay, Press Porcepic, pp. 280, $6.95.

Dorothy Livesay made her reputation as one of Canada's better poets when she was one of the new "proletarian" writers of the 1930's. The Great Depression and the Spanish Civil War were watersheds for her, as for so many of her generation, providing most of the subject matter for her poems and plays from that period.

Not too surprisingly, most of this autobiographical collection reflects the concerns of Livesay's formative stage. **Right Hand, Left Hand** is the "documentary of a single remarkable woman and of an era". A loose gathering of plays, poetry, articles, photographs and letters, it is tenuously held together by Livesay's commentary.

Rooted as Livesay was in the factional left of the '30's, this book is probably a more accurate reflection of Livesay in her era than of the era itself. Livesay's concerns are somewhat parochial, being mainly with the Communist Party and the middle-class radicalism of the day. This is not to deny Livesay's sincerity, or, for that matter, her talent. The fact that she left the Party after its grotesque contradictions became apparent is a point in her favour.

The Spanish Civil War poems reprinted in **Right Hand, Left Hand** are probably among Livesay's best. Considering some of the pretensious and evil-sounding revolutionary doggerel that came out of that war to start all wars, I was relieved to find some sympathetic and straightforward poetry in "Catalonia".

The boy he fell upon stirred in his dream
Moaned, and felt out the knife wound in his side
The soggy bandages were now a wad of blood
Clotted but unavailing. Pain
Throbbed like a heartbeat pounding through the room
—His room at home he thought, all sheltered in
With slanting shafts of light, the chinks of day
Touching this rosy plastered wall, with chairs
Hunch-backed, the cool tile floors with candle grease
Spattered like silver coins beside the bed....

Some of this book borders on the egotistical, but, I suppose, that is what autobiography is all about. Some of the selections for **Right Hand, Left Hand** are of little more than personal interest, most of them personal letters that tell the reader nothing about the era or its literature.

Right Hand, Left Hand is probably best as an ornament to a left-wing coffee table, since the loose arrangement of the collection almost precludes reading it continuously. Livesay's commentary is thin in places, making this altogether a rather difficult read. The better snippets of poetry and the excellent '30's graphics, however, make this an enjoyable book if one has the time.

Quebec: Reason and reaction

What does Quebec want?
The Dangerous Delusion

What Does Quebec Want? Andre Bernard, Lorimer, pp. 158, $6.95.

The Dangerous Delustion, Douglas Fullerton, McClelland & Stewart, pp. 240, $14.95.

After so many years, the "Quebec problem" has come home to roost. For a long time, there was a certain air of irrelevance about the ongoing constitutional debate on Quebec's place in Confederation. From the early sixties, academics, politicians and others sought ways of variously disciplining, accomodating, or liberating Quebec. For every different interpretation of Quebec's place in the Union, there were at least twice as many solutions to the Quebec problem.

In Quebec itself, positions began to crystallize with Rene Levesque's exit from the Liberal Party and the publication of his **Option Quebec**, in which he came out in favour of "sovereignty—association" in relation to Canada—independence with a degree of economic and administrative integration. After the formation of the independentist Parti Quebecois in 1968, the range of constitutional possibilities was limited to three basic postions: federalist, separatist, and that hazy "two nations" stance that Claude Ryan and his supporters call the "Third Option."

Andre Bernard's **What Does Quebec Want?** presents all three options in an objective and fairly detailed manner. Bernard, a senior political scientist at the Universite de Montreal, has written extensively on Quebec politics in previous books and is able to treat the emotive issues of separation and "Canadian unity" in a remarkably detached manner.

Bernard suggest that the current upsurge in Quebec nationalism is the fourth of such waves in 140 years. The first wave came in the 1830's, with the rise of the republican and autonomist Parti Patriote and the abortive 1837 rebellion. These middle-class nationalists came to a sour end with the crushing of the rebellion: the Parti Patriote was banned and its leaders imprisoned, banished, or put to death. To add insult to injury, the British Colonial Office forbade the use of French in the government of the United Canadas. The precocious Parti Patriote, then, had led to a major setback for Quebec nationalism.

The second upsurge of nationalism was in the 1880's when the Parti National took a majortiy of seats in the Quebec Assembly. This tide of nationalists, much like the present-day Pequistes, were convinced that their nation could not survive the rising tide of immigration to English Canada without greater provincial powers. In statements that sound in hindsight remarkably like Daniel Johnson's **Inequality or Independence** formulation, speakers at a Parti National rally in 1886 announced that if their language rights were not respected, they would opt for a "Republic of Quebec". At the time, fully one-third of French-Canadians were living outside the province's borders. This was one factor preventing French-Canadian nationalists from becoming outright Quebec separatists.

The third wave of Quebec nationalism began in the 1930's, when the reformist Action Liberale Nationale was formed. This party took a strongly autonomist stand, and did well in the first provincial election it contested. In 1934 and 1935, some of its members went so far as to describe themselves as separatists. The ALN was effectively coopted by one Maurice Duplessis, the *chef* of the Conservative Party in Quebec, who brought his party together with the ALN to form the Union Nationale.

The Union Nationale formed what has been the usual picture of quebec nationalism. Under Duplessis, the government of Quebec was authoritarian, traditionalist and reactionary, not to mention corrupt. Except for five years during the war, Duplessis ruled his province continuously from 1936 to his death in 1959.

The present tide of nationalism in the province found its beginnings in the election of the Liberals in 1960. A leading light in the cabinet they formed was Rene Levesque, who became a kind of political folk hero after his nationalization of hydro-electric power. Levesque's evolution from discontented federalist to sovereignty-associationist came against the background of mounting nationalism in intellectual and student circles in Quebec. With the formation of his own party, separatism became the overriding issue in Quebec.

Bernard analyses the bases of support for separatism, remarking that no previous nationalist movement has had the broad support the Parti Quebecois has managed to gain. Taking into account such things as the province's economic lag and the ever-present language issue, the author of **What Does Quebec Want?** gives a very clear picture of what motivates the Quebec nationalist today. That is an accomplishment in fewer than 150 pages.

A much different book is Doug Fullerton's **The Dangerous Delusion**. Fullerton is a bureaucrat, newspaper coluumnist, and one-time accountant who got to know Levesque in the '60's when he was a consultant to the Quebec government. His slightly-obscured message in this book is that separatism is a huge mistake, that the Quebec economy could never survive alone, and that the Pequistes have let their emotions get the better of them.

Fullerton devoted a great deal of his space and the reader's time to proving that he is a reasonable Anglais,—not your typical Levesque-baiter. The back cover of **The Dangerous Delusion** even has a testimonial by R. Levesque himself:

"...Fullerton is a convinced federalist opposed to the political emancipation of Quebecers. But he is also a federalist of goodwill."

Fullerton leans over backwards so far to prove himself a

[*continued on page 17*]

STARVING

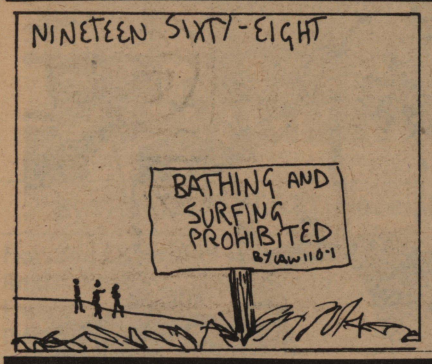
...*from 12*

George resolves that the only solution is revolution in the Third World. She examines the capacities that the present 'system' has for meeting the challenges of starvation and concludes that the traditional Western proposals cannot but smack of hypocricy and arrogance in light of business norms and practices. Moreover, almost everyone agrees, from the left to the right, that starvation is going to get much worse.

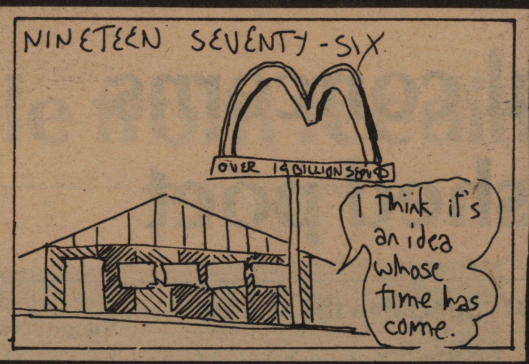
As George submits, "The present world political and economic order might be compared to that which reigned over social-class relations in individual countries in nineteenth-century Europe—with the Third World now playing the role of the working class. All the varied horrors we look back upon with mingled disgust and incredulity have their equivalents, and worse..."

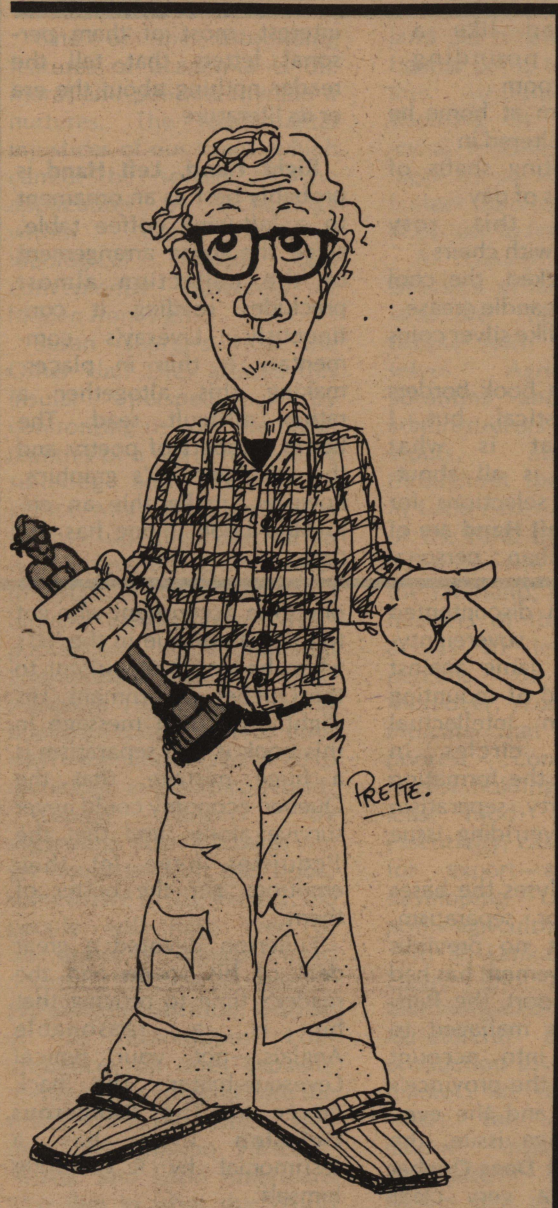
"Any real progress in eliminating hunger will mean social change; any massive committment of Western aid will require a political and economic return. The propositions are mutually exclusive. The only available choices are self-reliance or dependency." In a moving passage, she advances, "Since little is to be expected from our half of the world, we must hope for heroism in the other, and that the wretched of the earth may soon decide that they will not starve quietly... Others have learnt that there is honour in austerity, that charity is no substitute for justice and that nothing can equal the people's strength when their leaders have the courage to speak a single word to their would-be masters: No."

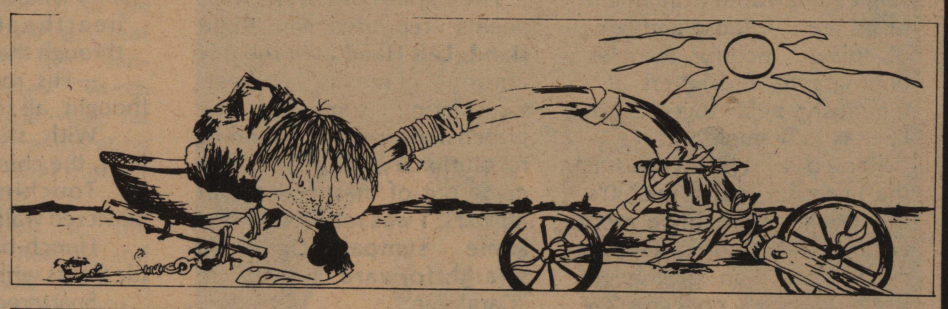
[*continued on page 17*]

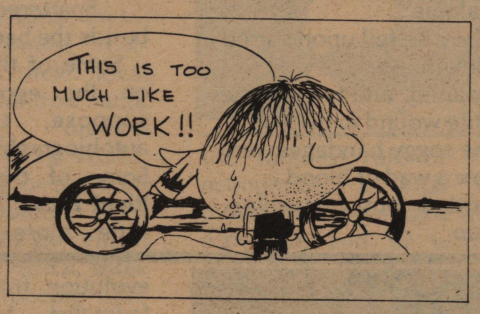

NINETEEN SIXTY-EIGHT
BATHING AND SURFING PROHIBITED
BY LAW 110-1

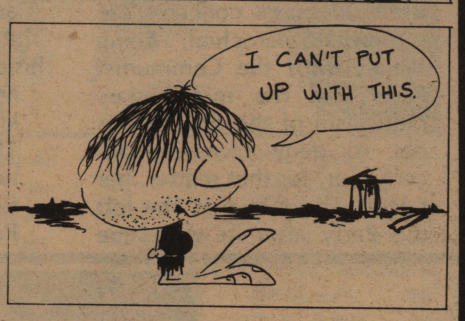
NINETEEN SEVENTY-TWO
Life has lost its meaning!

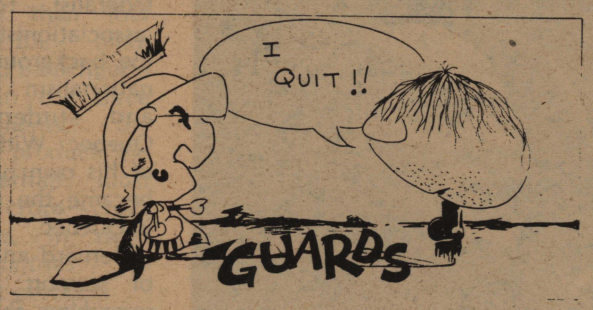

NINETEEN SEVENTY-SIX
OVER 14 BILLION SERVED
I think it's an idea whose time has come.


PRETTIE.

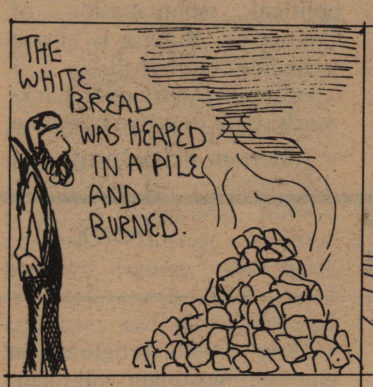


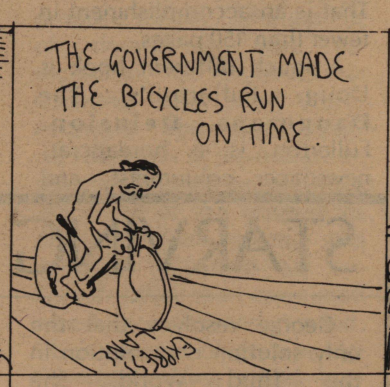

THIS IS TOO MUCH LIKE WORK!!

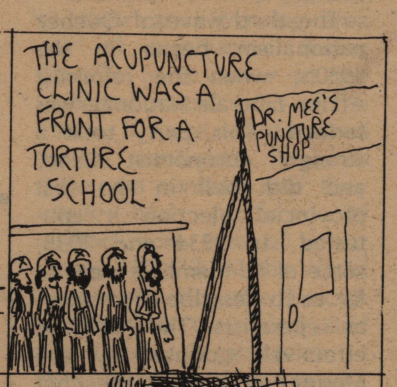

I CAN'T PUT UP WITH THIS.

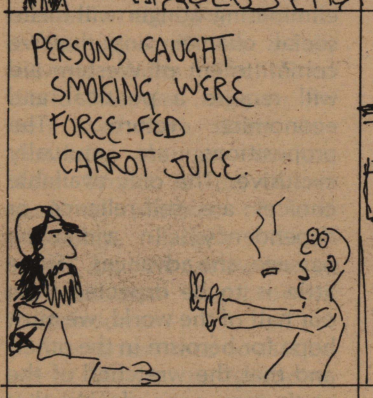

I QUIT!!
GUARDS

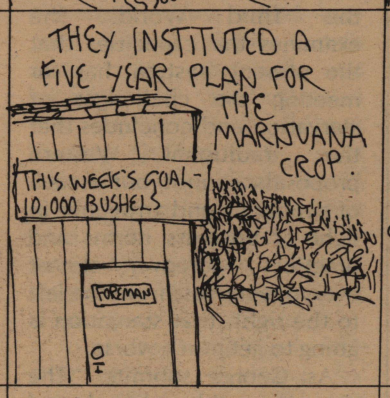
YOU'RE FIRED
O'KEEFE COMPER.

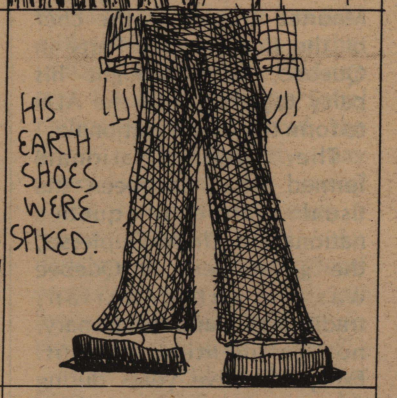

THE WHITE BREAD WAS HEAPED IN A PILE AND BURNED.


THE GOVERNMENT MADE THE BICYCLES RUN ON TIME.

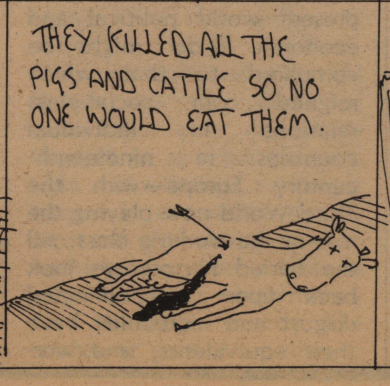

THE ACUPUNCTURE CLINIC WAS A FRONT FOR A TORTURE SCHOOL.
DR. MEE'S PUNCTURE SHOP

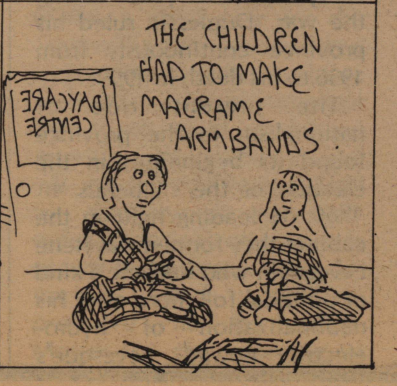

PERSONS CAUGHT SMOKING WERE FORCE-FED CARROT JUICE.


THEY INSTITUTED A FIVE YEAR PLAN FOR THE MARIJUANA CROP.
THIS WEEK'S GOAL- 10,000 BUSHELS
FOREMAN


HIS EARTH SHOES WERE SPIKED.

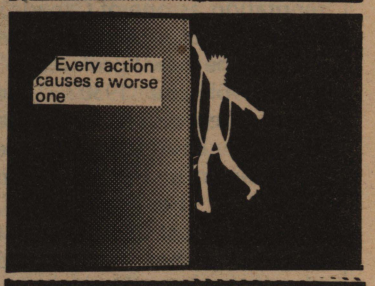
EVERYONE HAD TO LIVE IN COMMUNES.

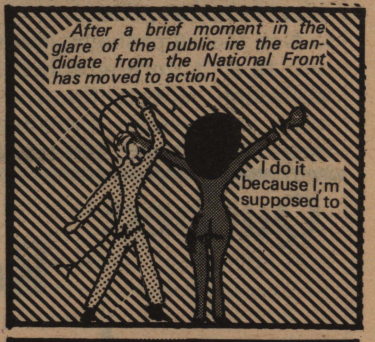

THEY KILLED ALL THE PIGS AND CATTLE SO NO ONE WOULD EAT THEM.


THE CHILDREN HAD TO MAKE MACRAME ARMBANDS.
DAYCARE CENTRE

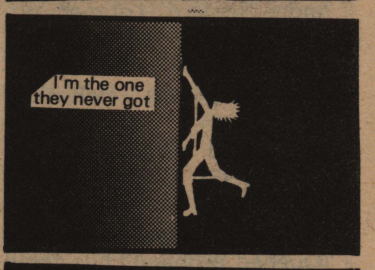
PRETTY VACANT
A A A

In the face of everything, I am nothing

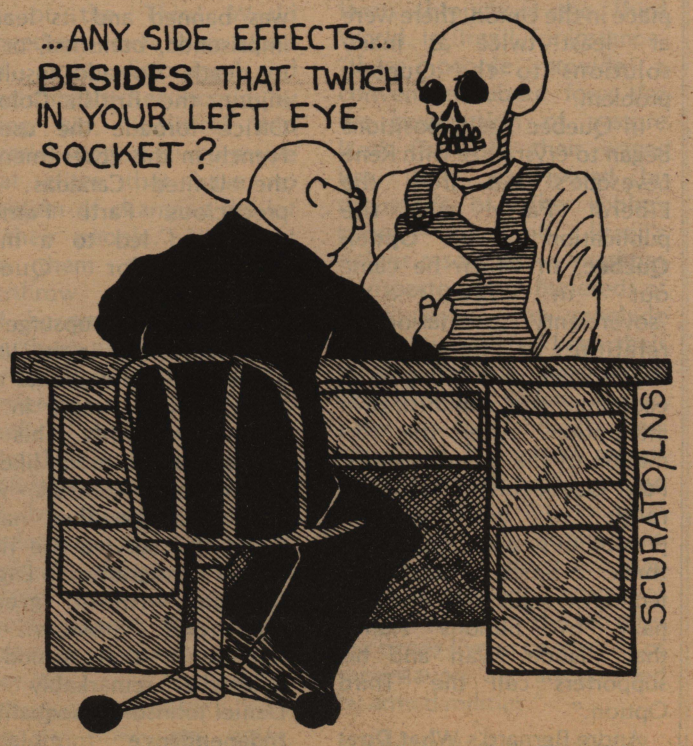

Every action causes a worse one


After a brief moment in the glare of the public ire the candidate from the National Front has moved to action
I do it because I;m supposed to

Now no-one's left to sieze the possibilities


I'm the one they never got

I've had it here in garage land
©1978 PUNKDIT
by david koop


...ANY SIDE EFFECTS... BESIDES THAT TWITCH IN YOUR LEFT EYE SOCKET?
SCURATO/LNS

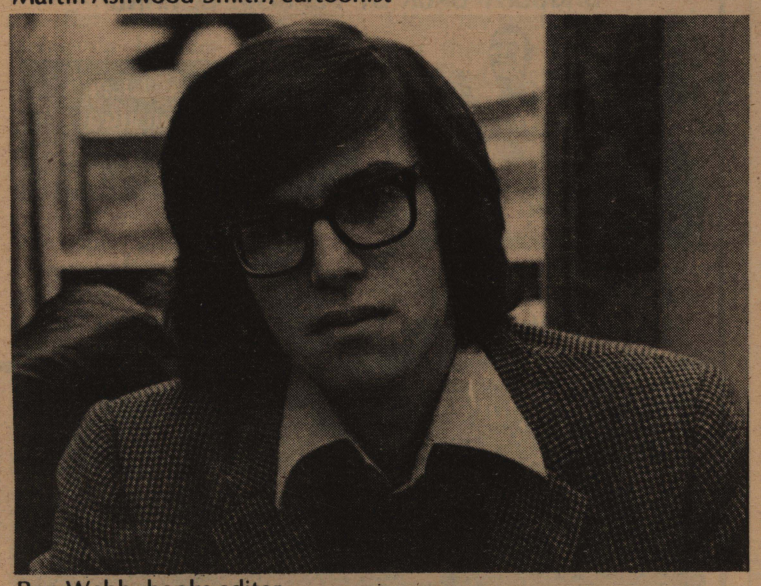
Martlet

Staff 1977-78

Some of our staff this year.
A lot of people pass through the **Martlet** each year. Some of them get caught on film. Others in the staff box. Some just stay in the "Letters" page. These are some of the people that contributed to this year's best student newspaper.

Martin Ashwood-Smith, cartoonist

Ken Nevard, production



Ben Webb, books editor

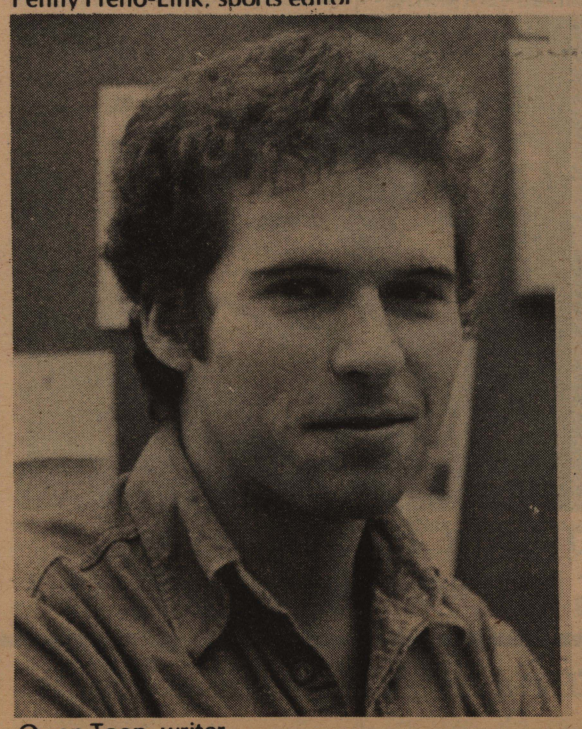
Garth Spencer, writer

Ken Simons, editor-in-chief
David Koop, production manager
Chris Mills, advertising manager

Penny Freno-Link, sports editor

Gene Jamieson, writer

John Luton, writer



Owen Toop, writer

Laurie Donaldson, distribution

Donna Livingstone, city editor

Susan Touche, entertainment editor

Doublecrossed in Syria

By JOHN LUTON, Special to the Martlet

The cholera epidemic spreading across Syria was not an especially attractive prospect, but returning to Damascus seemed more enticing than spending the remainder of my life caught in the no-man's land between two nations, so I paid the policeman the $40 bribe he was aking for and escaped the sweltering heat of the mid-eastern desert. Heading back to Amman, I was confident that I would succeed in my efforts to reach the more hospitable Syrian capital.

It had all begun a few short hours before. Covered in the grime of a long journey in the sandy wastelands of Israel and Jordan, my body wracked by sickness wrought by the meagre diet of unclean food I had been subsisting on for the past few weeks, and desperately poor as only a youthful vagabond can be, erratically criss-crossing the globe in search of adventure, I innocently breezed through the Jordanian border station at Ramtha, a hole of a place if I ever saw one. Not one border official blinked an eye as I headed for the Syrian frontier at Derra, but a few kilometres away.

Did I say that Ramtha was a hole? It was a veritable paradise when compared to Derra. Little did I know that a fate worse than typecasting awaited me at this town where Peter O'Toole, disguised as Lawrence of Arabia, was so mercilessly abused by a policeman who I swear is still there.

I walked up to the customs house and presented myself and my passport to the foreigner's desk and told them that I was on my way to Damascus. "What for?", asked the suspicious policeman. "To see my parents", I replied, "my father is with the UN." And that he was too, posted there as a military observer to oversee the ceasefire lines between Israel and the neighbouring Arab states. United Nations peacekeeping forces have become an institution in Israel and the front line Arab nation.

"Where then, is your white card", he probed, confident that he had found some way to make my trip more miserable.

"I don't have one", I surrendered, "I'm too old, they won't give me one."

He began another line of questioning. "Where have you been in Jordan, for how long and why?"

"Jerash, Ammand and Jerusalem"—my fate had been sealed.

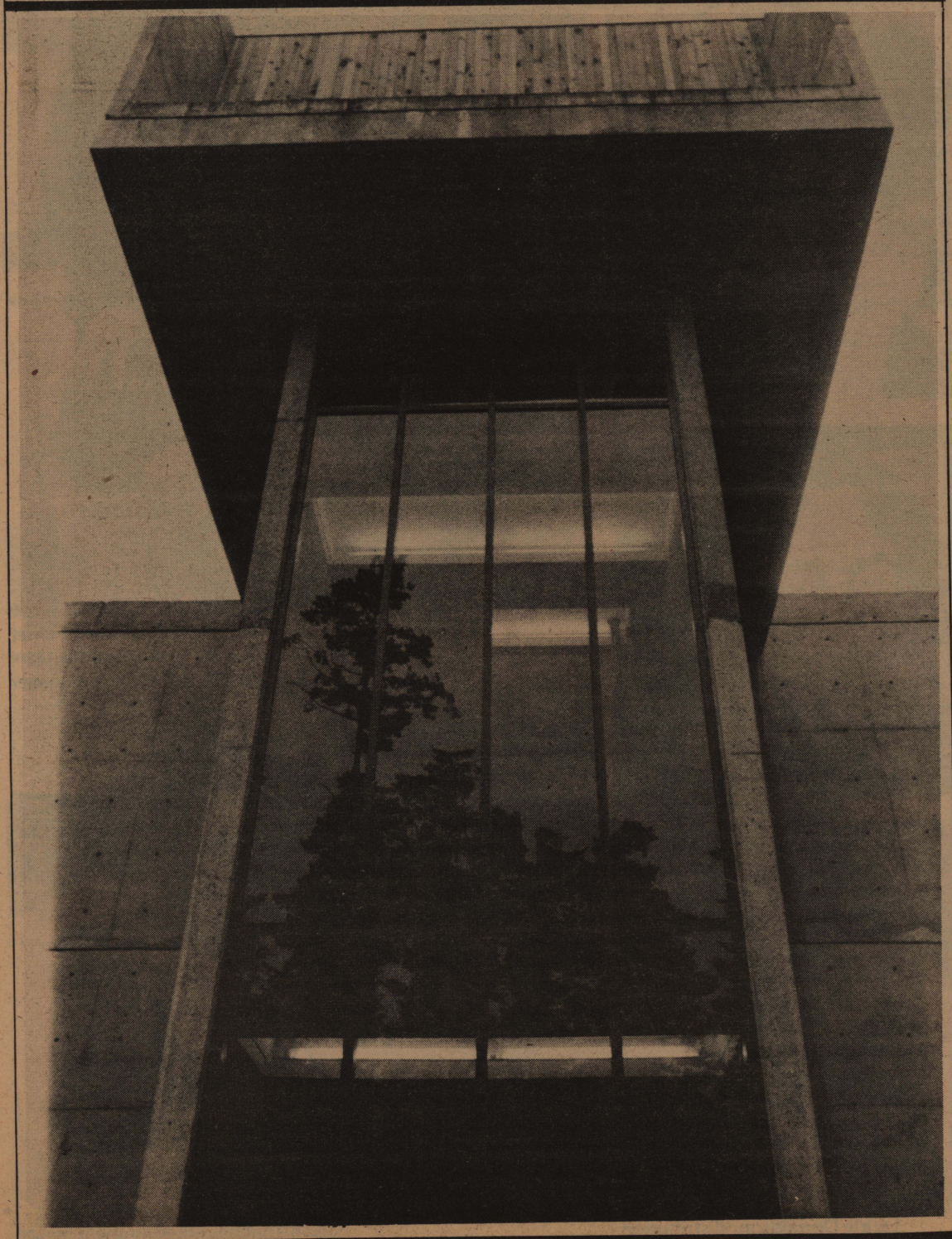
"Jerusalem," he puzzled.

"Yes, Jerusalem."

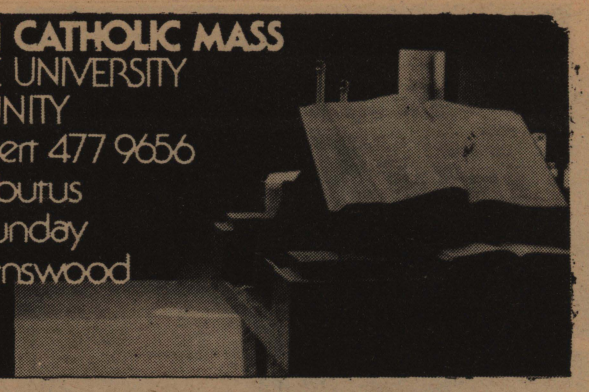
"You mean the West Bank?"

"Yes, the West Bank". A terrible slip of the lip just then that would cause me not just hours but three days of anxiety and uncertainty. Jerusalem and the West Bank, as far as the Jordanians and the rest of the Arab world were concerned, were a part of Jordan, occupied Jordan but Jordan nonetheless. There is only one border open between Israel and her hostile neighbors and that is the Allenby bridge between Jordan and Israel. It crosses the miserable little Jordan River in the middle of nowhere, and it takes hours of waiting, red tape and military scrutiny to cross the little

[continued on page 17]



ROMAN CATHOLIC MASS
FOR THE UNIVERSITY
COMMUNITY
Leo Robert 477 9656
2494 Arbutus
4 pm Sunday
at Queenswood



Cinecenta sub theatre

BROUGHT BACK BY POPULAR DEMAND

WOODY ALLEN'S
"Everything you always wanted to know about sex*
*BUT WERE AFRAID TO ASK"

BURT REYNOLDS · GENE WILDER · LOUISE LASSER
FRI., APRIL 14 - 7:15 & 9:15

A love story is like a song.
It's beautiful while it lasts.

A MARTIN SCORSESE Film

LIZA MINNELLI ROBERT DE NIRO
"NEW YORK, NEW YORK"

SAT., APRIL 15 - 7:00 & 9:15

THANKS TO THE MANY WHO HAVE
SUPPORTED CINECENTA THIS YEAR

FESTIVAL 78
15 INTERNATIONAL FILMS

FRI., APR. 28 - SAT., MAY 13
PICK UP A BROCHURE FOR DETAILS

CINECENTA CLOSED MAY 14 — JULY 4

SYRIAN INCIDENT

...from 16

bundle of sticks that they call a bridge. I had already suffered the animal show that is the Allenby bridge crossing earlier that day, in 48 degree Celsius heat, heading back to Damascus and the safety and security of my parents' apartment where good food, clean clothes, and financial security waited patiently for me. But I had to make the incredible blunder of mentioning to this policeman that I had been to the West Bank, with the permission of the Jordanian government, no less.

"Just for a few days," I said with the utmost sincerity, knowing then that it was probably too late. He disappeared. He came back. "And you have no white card?" "No." The treasured white card. More valuable than all the money in my pockets. Faster than a speeding diplomatic passport. The white card that is issued to all United Nations personnel and dependents stationed in the Middle East, allowing them passage between any of the countries embroiled in the belligerent mess that has torn apart the Fertile Crescent for the past 30 years. Before that time the fighting between Jews and Arabs took place for hundreds of years but all within the confines of the Palestinian nation. The cherished white card was issued to dependents under the age of 21. I was 22. I could have cried, but it had been a bad day anyway. The policeman disappeared again. He came back again. "I am sorry," he said, "but you cannot go to Syria." I was dumbfounded. "Why not?" "Because you have been to Israel, and Syria does not want anyone who has been to Israel." I argued with him and with some of the Syrian military who looked at me with cows eyes. They would not be convinced. I could not go to Syria.

I accepted my fate and left. I took my packsack out of the taxi that was taking me to Syria and hitch-hiked back to the Jordanian border station. The guy who picked me up had a car full of watermelons and he stopped to grease the palms of some military custom official with a little 'baksheesh'. When we arrived at the Jordanian station again, I had to show my passport. It was there that I met the policeman who took my forty dollars. "You cannot come into Jordan," he said. I knew then that I was in serious trouble. "You must have an exit visa from Syria."

I explained my problem. "No, I don't believe you."

Someone once said that the only real question in life and philosophy is what to do next. At that moment I became a philosopher, I was considering the ultimate question and my very existance depended upon the answer. I didn't have a clue. In desperation I attempted to find a phone that I could use to phone the UN people in Damascus. Everyone shrugged me off. The soldiers and customs people had a great time watching me plod from building to building, from one idiot to the next trying in vain to get some help. Eventually I gave up.

A couple of hours later the friendly policeman who had refused me entry into Jordan came up to me and confided to me that he now believed my story. He failed the philosophy test too, but offered me a solution from Samuel Beckett's "Waiting for Godot". "You know, he said, "the only way out is out." I was thrilled, really thrilled. Was this guy nuts? We talked for awhile and I suggested that in this part of the world a border crossing might be facilitated by the discreet transfer of funds from one party to another. He agreed but assured me that he was not the kind of person to accept such a bribe, but, he knew someone that would. "Do you have any money?"

I revealed that my total wealth was $40 and a travellers cheque of an undisclosed denomination.

"Come with me", he ordered. We went into an office deep within the customs building and sat down at his desk where I emptied the cash from my wallet. He smiled as he added up the Syrian, Jordanian and American money and then went somewhere, leaving me in the office to await my destiny. He came back, we went outside and he left me again, ordering me to stay where I was. I knew that I couldn't go anywhere else without the risk of being thrown in some filthy jail cell, so I stayed. He came back, he left again, he came back, he joked with his friends in arms. They had rather mean looking rifles and machine guns. I was getting impatient.

Everyone with whom this policeman discussed my predicament showed him great deference and laughed at me, I was not amused. Finally, late that evening he wrote me some notes and escorted me to the final checkpoint, the one which had the soldiers and the guns. This was at the spot which, had I attempted to cross, I would have been arrested immediately.

I thought that I would have been shot. We all sat down and joked about the whole thing. I was still not amused. They gave me a gun to play with for a while and I gave it back when they finally found me a ride back to Amman, the Jordanian capital and the world's ugliest city.

I knew when I bid them goodbye that I had injected some cash into the hands of the needy, the pockets of the deserving, all the soldiers and policemen were laughing and friendly when they waved goodbye. After all, I was their good, good and oh so generous friend. My cold sweat cleared up on the way back to Amman and I flew to the safety and security of Damascus, the disease infested, desert capital of Syria, a few days later.

See elsewhere first

By KEN SIMONS, Martlet Editor

A sure way to beat the unemployment lineups this summer is to drop out and hit the road. Travel isn't only for the well-heeled students, the sons and daughters of the rich. It's also for the independent poor.

I have travelled for two to three months each year for the past four years, with as little as two hundred dollars to go on and as much as twelve hundred. All through the year, I remind myself to forsake all other vices and to direct my surplus wealth to my one main vice—the road. And I have as good a time with two hundred dollars as with twelve hundred. The only difference is that the setting may be different.

There are very few places in this world that could be categorized as "places to stay away from", despite what the sages of bourgeois tourism say. Even a war zone, like the Golan Heights or the Parrot's Beak, can be an interesting place to visit, if one considers dodging bullets a learning experience.

The ever-wise adviser to the well-heeled traveller, Temple Fielding, once drew up a list of the twenty worst towns to end up in. Typical of his selection was the Spanish steel town of Cartagena. Doubtless the air in Cartagena is no better than the air around Vancouver Island's very own Crofton, (another place no one would recommend to any discerning tourist), but there's one fact about Cartagena that can't be ignored. It's in Spain. If you've come to Spain to find out what life is all about, find out about life. Go to a Cartagena wine-shop. Drink the deep red wine with the steelworkers. Get drunk. End up sleeping it off on the fire escape of a twenty-storey prefab apartment building.

Better still, forge some working papers and get a job in the steel mill. If nothing else, you'll learn how to curse in Spanish.

... and do it in style

So you want to be a bohemian traveller? It's easy. Just go down to the airport, scrutinize the types of people boarding the early morning Air France charters to Marseilles, and strive to look as different as possible from them.

If you're hitchhiking, get yourself a clown suit and try catching a lift to Dusseldorf wearing it. If you're backpacking, do away with the backpack altogether and take all the equipment you need in your pockets. If you're bicycling, sell your ten-speed and take your baby sister's Mustang Hi-Rise machine with the sixteen inch wheels.

But don't act ludicrous, no matter how ludicrous you feel. You are not aiming to look silly. You are, instead, a cultural ambassador (Guerilla Theatre Division) for the universal nation.

QUEBEC

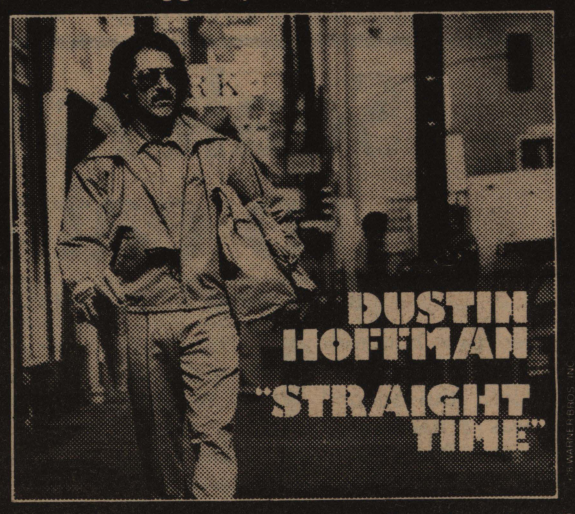
...from 13

federalist of goodwill that he occassionally comes up with lines like "Where did it all come from, my fondness for French Canadians?"

The bulk of this book is concerned with Fullerton's years as an insider in Quebec political circles. His long section on the Hydro-Quebec nationalization is especially interesting.

The last chapter of **The Dangerous Delusion**, which deals with the delusion in question, is very different from the rest of the book. Here he presents a view of federalism that does not differ greatly from the Trudeau-Liberal line that prevails in English Canada today. Fullerton does not really come to grips with the question of Quebec's distinctiveness. Nor does he propose anything constructive besides the old hat of understanding each other better. People like Fullerton don't seem to realize that while they are proposing that the two cultures in Canada "get to know each other", one of the parties to our unhappy marriage is proposing a divorce action.

Best wishes on your finals!
For excellent entertainment
we suggest you see:

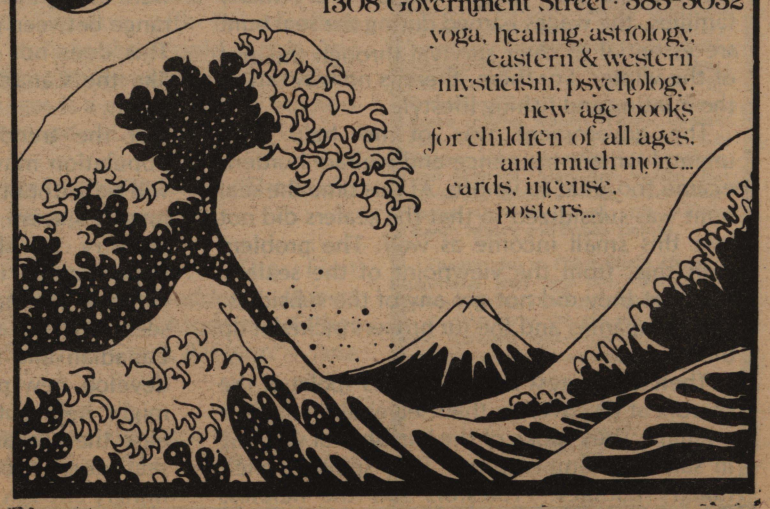


MATURE, WARNING: Occasional nudity & coarse language. B.C. Director.

Second Week TOWNE
At 7:00 and 9:10 p.m. 382-5922 DOUGLAS AT HUMBOLDT

SUNDAY CHINESE FILM FESTIVAL
"MARCO POLO" english subtitles
at 1:30 & 3:30 pm KUNG-FU ACTION

sri ATMAN BOOKSTORE
1308 Government Street · 383-3032
yoga, healing, astrology,
eastern & western
mysticism, psychology,
new age books
for children of all ages,
and much more...
cards, incense,
posters...



Ombudsman's Column

By Ombudsperson PATRICIA BEATTY-GUENTER

Already you have probably started to learn what grades you have received in your courses. Already I have begun to receive complaints from students who are unsatisfied with the grades that they have received. This is perhaps one of the most difficult types of grievances that I have encountered these past six weeks. May I ask that you do some preparation on your own before coming to me to complain about a grade that you have received?

First of all, be sure that you understand the techniques of evaluation that were used by your professor. Those techniques, according to the Faculty Handbook, should have been discussed in the first few weeks of class or should be outlined on one of your first class handouts. So go back through your notes and make sure that you understand how you were supposed to have been evaluated. If you cannot find this information on your own, try to get in touch with some of your classmates. Failing that, skip to the next step. If you have succeeded in finding out what the techniques were to have been, total each of your marks, weigh them accordingly, and see if you arrive at the same mark as the professor.

The second thing to do is to make an appointment with the professor (or the teaching assistant). Do this soon, as many professors will be leaving for the summer, and besides, the marks must be sent to the Records Office in the first week of May. It is more difficult to change marks once they have left the department. Ask the professor (or teaching assistant) how your final grade was determined. Find out what weights were assigned to each portion of the course—these should correspond to what you found above. Also find out what grade you received for each of these portions. Make sure that the grades that the professor has recorded for you are the same as those that you thought you had received, and discuss any discrepancies. If you got 82 percent on an exam, make sure that the professor has not recorded 62 percent. Take your exams and assignments with you for this reason. Such mistakes are rare, but they do sometimes happen. It is possible that you are dissasisfied simply because a mistake has been made in addition or multiplication, and this can be easily rectified.

Your dissatisfaction with a grade more likely stems from a discrepancy between your evaluation of your performance on a portion of the course and the professor's (or teaching assistant's) evaluation. If a teaching assistant did the marking, you might ask the professor to re-read your paper or exam, outlining why you thought it was worth more marks. They are not obligated to do this, but you will find that most faculty members are pretty reasonable people. In addition, there are a few faculty members around who allow students with tentative 'E' grades to complete some special assignment to prove competence with the course material before the grades are sent to the Records Office. Check to see if your professor is one of these.

If you have not been satisfied about the fairness and accuracy of your grade by this point, you might make an appointment with the department chairman, one of the deans of your faculty, the Advising Centre, or you might come and see me. I am in my office from 9:30 to 11:30 on Monday and Wednesday mornings, from 2:00 to 4:00 on Tuesday and Friday afternoons and from 5:00 to 7:00 on Tuesday evenings.

Sealers have to eat too

By MURRAY ROBERTSON, Martlet Staff

For over two hundred years Newfoundlanders have been proud of their harp seal fishery. Until the Second World War seal hunting was a dangerous enterprise. Things have changed. Since then hunting and killing technologies have become so developed that it may be beyond the capabilities of the seal population to keep up with natural attrition and the killing rate in the seal hunt.

It was the innovative use of the spotter plane, helicopter, and ice-breaker that changed things. It became safe to locate and slaughter seals. The greatest hazard to the sealers who were there for the baby seals was the adult seals, and even they were not real hazard, for the harp seal is timid by nature. Still, the tradition of heroism lived on in the minds of the sealers.

During these years, the wealth of the seal "harvest" was funnelled off to be reinvested or spent elsewhere. The plight of the average Newfoundlander grew worse. For many families, the wages earned during the seal hunt are essential to their survival through the end of the winter. For them, there is no way out of the hunting and fishing lifestyle.

The government was of no help until unemployment insurance and welfare burdens became too great to ignore. At this time the seal hunt was subsidized so that the sealers did not lose this small income as well. The problem with this, from the viewpoint of the sealers, was that they did not get any of the subsidies. The companies and the fur brokers picked it up themselves.

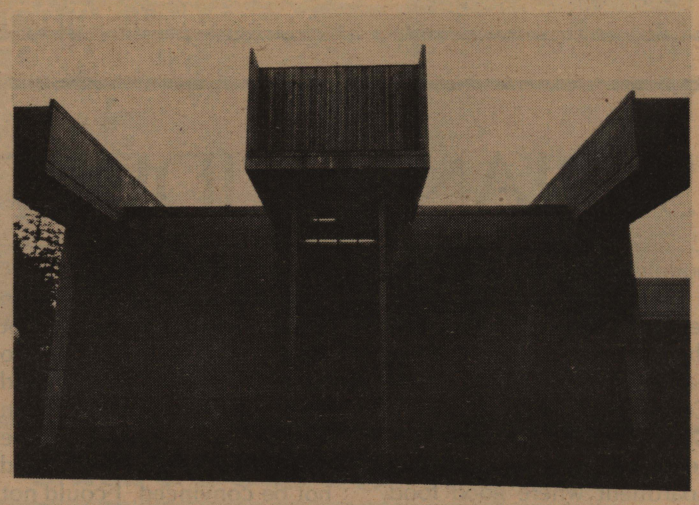
Then the protest began. Sealers spoke of the horrors of discovering themselves skinning live animals. They spoke of the hardship of working in sub-zero temperatures. They spoke of their hungry families. Protestors saw the helpless seal pups and films of the hunt were shown on television. The fur brokers, from their warm, plush offices, denied the authenticity of the films. World opinion turned against Canada.

Protestors concentrated on cruelty, using the baby seal's appealing face to capture the sympathies of the literate world. Outrageous stories in European journals even declared that the seal hunt was an upper class sport, like the British fox hunt. And through it all, the Newfoundland sealer fared no better.

Concern has arisen that the seal population is in danger. As the protestors claim that the seals will not last beyond 1985, the government claims that the seal population is increasing by several percent per year, and only in 1977 was a study actually made with "modern" counting techniques.

In short, nobody knows how many seals there were before large-scale sealing had its effect. Early estimates of the seal population were as high as thirty million. Recent estimates range between one and a half and two million. This does not seem to represent an increase like the Canadian government would like to claim.

If the trend is true, then the harp seal population may be in trouble, and the sealers will be without a livelihood. The governments involved seem unable to attract enough new industry to allow the sealers employment opportunities in fields where they can work without feeling embattled and ashamed. It seems to be against the political beliefs of Canadian and Newfoundland governments to develop new publicly owned industry which might help cut down on unemployment and ease the human suffering to come if the harp seal does become extinct. The sealers are hungry enough now.



A Woman's Place

by the women's action group

Part II (continued from last week)

So let's consider just the *symbols* of the Genesis story, and what they may have meant in a goddess worshipping culture, since the interpretations of that story are both various and familiar. First of all, let's look at the *garden* itself—clearly this is a picture of the bounty of the Earth Mother, a genial, mystic, poetic theme of the lovely world of paradise neither lost nor regained but ever present in the bosom of the Goddess Mother in whose being we have our death, as well as our life, without fear. This image belongs neither to the patriarchal Aryans nor to the patriarchal Semites. Garden images do not come from roving desert bands! The garden is familiar to us from Classical times as the Islands of the Blessed, the Elysian fields and Virgil's Fortunate Woodlands—but the picture of the garden was a part of the religion of the pre-Greek, Goddess-worshipping people, retained after the arrival of Olympian Zeus but not brought with him. Likewise the Levites found the lovely picture of the garden in the religion of the people they conquered, and so took it as the beginning of *their* Creation story.

How about that snake? Despite the insistent, perhaps hopeful assumption that the serpent is a phallic symbol, archeological evidence shows that in the ancient Near and Middle East, the serpent was *always* a female symbol, often a sign of the Goddess Herself and linked to wisdom and prophetic counsel rather than fertility and growth. We're familiar with the use of snakes in Goddess worship on Crete because of the delicate statue of the Cretan priestess holding snakes. The Lady of Serpents on Crete may have derived from the worship of the Cobra Goddess in predynastic Egypt. The use of the cobra in the religion of the Goddess in Egypt was so ancient that the hieroglyphic sign for the word 'Goddess' was a cobra. In Greece, Athena is shown with her snake—and Athena's temples on the Acropolis were built in Mycenean, matriarchal foundations. Although Delphi was dedicated to Apollo in Greek times, the oracle was still provided there by a woman called Pythia, around whose tripod stool was coiled a snake—the python—and, according to Pausanias, the earliest temple on this site was built by women. The Goddess was also worshipped as Serpent Lady in Canaan, which bordered on the Mediterranean, as do Egypt, Crete and Greece. And in Jerusalem itself was the serpent of bronze, said to date back to the times of Moses and treasured as a sacred idol in the temple there until 700 B.C.

But what was the nature and purpose of these oracular shrines? Were they merely ancient Ann Landers, dispensing personal advice to the love-lorn? Not at all—for historical records, especially in Babylon and Greece, explain that they were primarily utilized for vital political, governmental and military matters. It was not just the belief that these priestesses could see into the future, but the idea that these women were in direct communication with the deity who possessed the wisdom of the universe. The oracular priestesses were not consulted for a firm prediction of the future, but for counsel as to the best strategy, considering the situation.

So the garden and the serpent were both quite familiar to the people of the era when the Genesis story was first written and taught—but as symbols of their Goddess. But what about the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil, from which hung the Forbidden Fruit? We usually think of the unnamed fruit as an apple, but the only fruit mentioned in Genesis is the fig, as it was with fig leaves that Adam and Eve covered their nakedness. So the forbidden tree may well have been a fig—a sycamore fig, whose fruit grows in clusters, unlike the common fig. The Goddess in Egypt, the Serpent Lady, was also known as the Lady of the Sycamore and this tree was known as Her living body on earth. To eat of its fruit was to partake of the flesh and fluid of the Goddess. Ezekiel spoke of the 'idolators'—you can tell when they mean Goddess-worshippers in the Bible, by that phrase—the 'idolators' passing around the sacred branch of a tree, as if this were a great sin!

Back to those fig leaves. It is significant that the result of eating the fruit of this tree was that Adam and Eve knew they were naked—because in each area where the Goddess

[*continued on page 19*]

(sc)
LH3
M3a

"S" for student

By MOIRA ZUNTI, Special to the Martlet

We're flying at 33,000 feet over B.C. mountains.

Nice flight, smooth; the engines don't roar too loudly, the fake velvet of the Air Canada seat is not too rumpled and my neighbour's elbow is not too protuberant. A smell pervades the big jet, as if I've walked along the hallway of a condominium and found out the lady in number 345 is cooking cabbage.

A stewardess, who's put her money where her mouth is, is pushing the smell-source—a cart loaded with lunch-trays. She's passing out meals to the row in front of me. I get a glimpse of green balls; can't be Chinese eggs; rather the Brussels sprouts that my nose mistook for cabbage. How can I concentrate on "The Scarlet Letter" with such a combination of hunger and warm food? The tragedy of people marked infamous fades away to the old times. I swallow in expectation.

She finally comes to our row and passes a tray to my neighbor, under my nose. Then she gives one to the dentured lady across the aisle. Then she smiles at me, so that I understand that it's perfectly alright: she doesn't give me food, but not because she's forgotten about me. She doesn't give me any because there's a reason. She leaves me with this reassuring smile and pushes her wheeled smell to the next row.

I remain numb. I would say petrified, if I didn't have the stomach rumble so pleasantly advertised on TV for breakfast-skippers. She must have discovered something infamous about me, something to make my rights topple. Hawthorne's heroine had a scarlet A somewhere around her breasts, A for adultress. But me, I'm wearing a turtleneck. And I don't remember being branded or married.

I wait until she reaches the end of the trough (aisle is too good a word for my anger) and I go to her. It's better to make it discreet, not to ask in front of my neighbours; maybe I really do have an infamous mark.

"Excuse me, I have a feeling you forgot to give me lunch."

"Oh, I'm sorry," she says, and I feel she's really sorry for me. "Aren't you a student?"

I can't answer. It hit me unexpectedly. What's so infamous about being a student? And how did she find out?

I imagine Victoria radioing to Vancouver, and the Vancouver staff, upset for having missed interception, dispatching to Calgary: "Follow that plane! There's a student on board! Don't give her lunch!"

The stewardess explains it all to me. Though it's lunch time, they can't feed me because I have a reduced student-fare ticket and they are short of food. She looks embarrassed.

When I return to my seat my ears are red in shame; a readhead with read ears and a scarlet S on her forehead; Student.

It wouldn't surprise me too much if they'd be impotent regarding hijackers and terrorists, if they're so busy fighting students.

Change-makers sleeping

By KEN SIMONS, Martlet Editor

Does anything ever change at UVic?

In the past year we have seen seven percent turnouts to Alma Mater Society, Senate and Board of Governors elections; we have seen arbitrary decisions made at the provincial level with no university input, let alone student input; we have seen the student union waste time on issues such as investment in South Africa, marijuana and whether to change the size of the student handbook while standing placidly out of the way of the provincial government; we have seen university officials obfuscate spendidly on who they really serve, when confronted with information on industry use of university facilities.

It's easy to say nothing has changed. But it doesn't take much additional insight to see that the central problem—official somnolence—is self-perpetuating.

There must be wider input into the making of decisions that goes on every day at this university. We might get lucky—we might get enough noise from those who are awake to awaken the sleeping bureaucrats. Then we can, united, face the threat that higher education in this province faces.

This province's official education policy is worse than mediocrity. As has been stated in these columns before, there is nothing the Social Credit regime would like more than a total sellout of education to the interests of industry. So what needs to be done to prevent this sort of happening?

It's hard to tell. Somehow, theoretical education has to prove itself. In times of high unemployment, it's easier to degrade its value than enhance it.

Maybe the arguments for a theoretical education need reshaping. First, though, we need people who are awake to the problems.

...from 18

A WOMAN'S PLACE

was known and revered. She was extolled not only as the original prophetess of great wisdom, closely identified with the serpent, but also as the original Creatress and patroness of sexual pleasure and reproduction, as well. The sacred women celebrated this aspect of Her being by making love in the temples. And so the tree of the forbidden fruit, said to offer knowledge of good and evil, linked with the Sacred Tree of the Goddess, clearly provided sexual consciousness as well, and was included in the creation story to warn that eating the fruit of this tree had caused the downfall of all humanity. Eating of the tree of the Goddess was as dangerous to Her sexual customs and Her oracular serpents. So into the myth of how the world began, the story that the Levites offered as the explanation of the creation of all, they placed the advisory serpent and the woman who accepted its counsel, eating of the tree that gave her understanding of what only the gods knew—the secret of sexuality, how to create new life.

And thus the Levites wrote the tale of creation. They announced that male supremacy was not a new idea, which it was, but in fact had been divinely decreed by the male deity at the dawn of existence. The myth of Adam and Eve, in which male domination was explained and justified, informed men and women alike that this was the 'natural' state of the human species. But in order to achieve their patriarchal, patrilineal goal, the Levites had to convince themselves and their congregations that sex was immoral—for women, at least—surely a difficult job. For they knew that unless men controlled sexuality and enforced virginity for women before marriage and fidelity after marriage, male ownership of children, name and property, and male control of the right to the throne, could not exist.

And so we see that these familiar symbols were used as the setting of a story with the meaning turned completely around—for the symbols of the Goddess religion are used to attack the very structures of that religion. There were strong political reasons for this—most of them based on the need of the patriarchal invaders for clear evidence of the paternity of each child, so that wealth, property and royal title and privilege could be passed down from father to son, instead of mother to daughter. And so three claims to kinship in the male line were written into the Genesis story—first, that a male deity created the world (although worshippers of the Goddess would have found that claim ridiculous); secondly, that the male human was created first; and thirdly, that he alone was made in the image of the creator, and woman made rather as an afterthought, from his spare rib. Despite all we know—and all they knew—of the biological facts of birth, we are assured that the female comes from the male, not the male from the female. Then we are told that the woman was given to the male like a piece of property, to be his 'helper'. Then this couple was placed in the garden, familiar to Her worshippers, and told not to eat the fruit of a certain tree. We remember that according to Egyptian texts, to eat of this fruit was to partake of the Goddess, the patroness of sexual pleasure and reproduction. And upon eating that fruit they did indeed become aware of the sexual nature of their bodies, and covered their genitals with leaves from the tree.

(Of course, it was important to the Levite scribes that Adam and Eve did not decide to eat the fruit together, or that Adam didn't choose to eat the fruit—which seems more logical, as he is placed in charge of the garden. Rather, the woman listens to the advice of the oracular serpent and all is lost. So it was intended that the advice of the prophetess of the Goddess, the women who gave counsel, often linked with oracular serpents, was discredited).

Since Eve ate the fruit first, woman is shown as possessing sexual consciousness first and tempting Adam, and this image of woman as god-defying seductress has come down to us, although it was originally intended as a warning to all Hebrew men of that time to stay away from the sacred women of the temples, for in succumbing to the temptations of these women, they also accepted the female deity and the matrilineal identity for any children thus conceived. Also, the story warned Hebrew women not to take part in the ancient religion and its sexual customs—and, just to be sure that the message was clear, the story reminds us that Eve would henceforth desire only her husband, thus making possible the certain knowledge of paternity needed for a male kinship system.

And so we see that the symbols of the story—the garden, the sacred tree, the oracular serpent who advises the woman and the woman, in turn, who takes the initiative, eating the holy fruit and advising the man to do likewise, with the resulting knowledge of sexuality—told a story to the people of that time which was quite familiar; the story of the worship of the Goddess. The story told by these images is a complete one, but how different from the interpretation found in Genesis!

Sources: "When God was a Woman"—Merlin Stone; "The Masks of God: Occidental Mythology"—Joseph Campbell.
Other books of interest on this topic:
"Mothers and Amazons"—Helen Diner; "The First Sex"—Elizabeth Gould Davis; "The White Goddess"—Robert Graves; "Women's Mysteries, Ancient and Modern"—Esther Harding; "Prolegomena to the Study of Greek Religion"—Jane Harrison.

Many of these books are available in paperback editions, and may be found at Everywomans Books, 2033 Oak Bay, and at other bookstores in town.

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The Martlet

The next **Martlet** will appear sometime in July under the editorship of Donna Livingstone.

Thanks to everyone who helped make this year's **Martlet** what it was. No superlatives—just thanks to:

David Koop, Donna Livingstone, Linda Gustafson, Walter Rieth, Chris Rowe, Owen Brandon, Steve Petch, Kim Graham, Liz Lebel, Ben Webb, Dale Hitchcox, Ross Tremblay, Barb Weed, Laurie Donaldson, Lori Fuglem, Murray Peecock, Sue Stevens, Martin Ashwood-Smith, Elizabeth Senez, Annerose Dahler, Chris Mills, Gene Jamieson, Laurie Brinklow, Kevin Morrison, Wendy Hooper, Jeff Ng, Frances Johnson, Paul Coffey, Lisa Pacowski, Dave Connell, Owen Toop, Brent Henry, Ronnie Cosgrove, Ken Nevard, Murray Robertson, George Lee, Mark Jarman, Brian Jones, Brian Peterson, Jonathan Charteris-Black, Allan Cook, Morgen Witzel, Louise Longo, Theresa Hammond, Garth Spencer, Bix Burkhart, Charles Lemery, Carl Weiss, Susan Touche, Robert Warren, Bernard Fong, Marie Gordon, Paul Harley, Gail Reaney, John Luton, Daryl McLoughlin, Don Schmidt, Mary-Ann Mullen, Ray Cantarutti, Donovan Hare, Miles White, Bruce Connell, Knarf, Jim Killeen, Randy Mutch and Bobby Simons.

Thanks also to Dave Clode, the SUB janitorial staff and the folks at the Alberni Valley Times press room.

And to show I'm not immune from the standard end-of-year cliches, I'd also like to thank my readers.

Thanks, readers.

Ken.

Ken Simons, E-in-C.

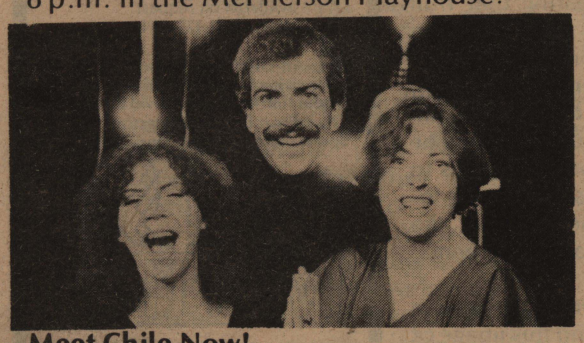
April Calendar

14 friday

Theatre of the Absurd
Fine Line Players present **The Dumb Waiter** and **The Pawnshop** at the Eric Martin Theatre, Eric Martin Institute, 2328 Trent Street. The production, sponsored and performed by friends and associates of the EMI Day Program, begins at 8 p.m.

Opera Highlights
The high points of Bizet's **Carmen** and Rossini's **The Barber of Seville** are performed by the opera department of the Victoria Conservatory of Music. Peter Mannering and Selena James direct, location is the Oak Bay Junior High School, and the show begins at 8 p.m.

Starting Here! Starting Now!
Musical revue with Nora McLellan, Victor Young and Jane Mortifee. Starts at 8 p.m. in the McPherson Playhouse.



Meet Chile Now!
Slides, film and folk music centering on the current state of affairs in Chile. Starts at 8 p.m. at Norway House, 1110 Hillside.

Pumori
Slide show and lecture on the Canadian Himalayan Expedition, 8 p.m. at Newcombe Auditorium (back of the provincial museum, across from the legislative buildings).

Jazz and Hot Cider
Louise Rose plays at 8 p.m. in the Belfry, Fernwood and Gladstone.

15 saturday

Eastern Orthodox Christian Art
Lecture at the Nellie McClung branch library, Mackenzie and Cedar Hill Road, 1:30 p.m.

Opera Highlights
Same time and place as Friday.

Theatre of the Absurd
Last night at the Eric Martin Theatre, 8 p.m.

Jazz and Hot Cider
Louise Rose, again at 8 p.m., the Belfry.

16 sunday

Salt Lake City Symphonic Choir
Performs at the Royal Theatre, 2:30 p.m. Final concert of this year's Victoria Symphony season; Laszlo Gati will be appearing as conductor of the symphony for the last time.

18 tuesday

Greater Victoria Music Festival
begins—details available at Nelson's Music, 1315 Government Street.

20 thursday

Thad Jones—Mel Lewis Jazz Orchestra
A surviving Big Band, with sixteen members. One show only at the Royal Theatre, 8 p.m.

Rape of the Belt
A Langham Court offering, presented by the Victoria Theatre Guild, 8:15 p.m. every day.

22 saturday

Video Production Workshop
Workshop presented by the Open Space **Videolab**, from 1 p.m. to 4:30 p.m. at Open Space, 510 Fort Street. Pre-registration is necessary.

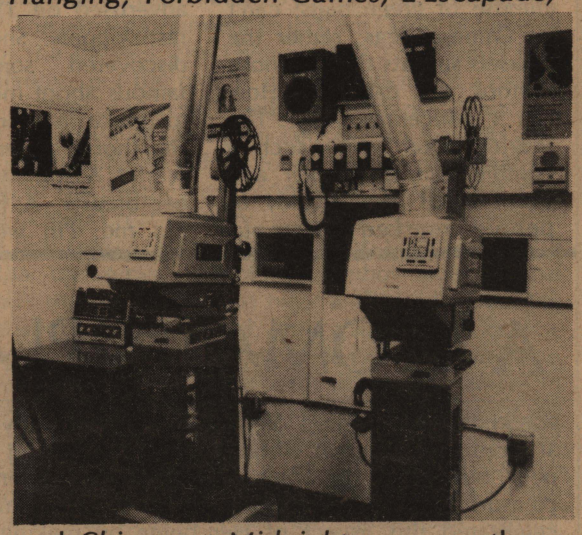
Victoria Black People's Society
Dance and dinner with a jazz band and a steel band, 7 p.m. at the Garth Homer Achievement Centre, 813 Darwin Avenue.

23 sunday

An Evening with Ram Dass
Tim Leary's old metaphysical sparring partner speaks at the Empress Hotel at 8 p.m., sponsored by the Hanuman Foundation.

28 friday

Festival 78
Cinecenta's spring festival of international films begins today and runs for another two weeks. Films include; *A Woman Under the Influence, The Mother and the Whore, Death by Hanging, Forbidden Games, L'Escapade,*



and *Chimes at Midnight*, among others. Complete program is available from Cinecenta or at the SUB general office.

29 saturday

New Games Festival
Anarchic fun on the McKinnon Fields on campus. Games begin at 2 p.m.